

AOTCJournal

Welcome to the **Journal of the Aware Ones of the Treasure Coast**, a secular humanist gathering, providing companionship, conversation, support, and good times, within honest and objective atheist, agnostic and freethinking values.

Vol.7, No.1

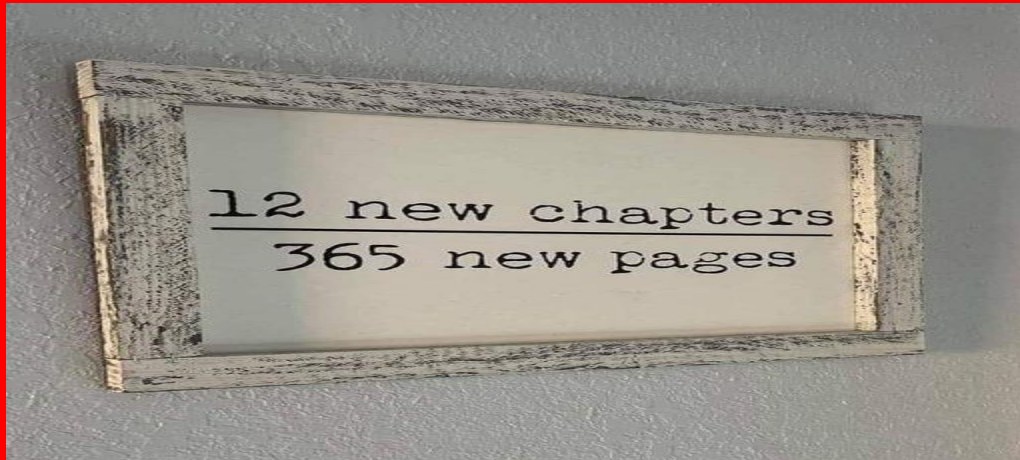
January / February 2022

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**- Produced by the TC Secular Writers -*/*

INTRODUCTION



I don't know if this is so much the first issue of 2022 or the last issue of 2021. Everything in it was written from last year. Most everything pertains to the past 12 months.

We are optimists after all, we hope things will get better because we are smart. We're supposed to learn from our mistakes. Could it be that we are like General Westmoreland in Vietnam looking for the light at the end of the tunnel? Are we in a never-ending mobius tunnel that is our eternity? How did we get here?

For what it is worth, we are in Florida and because the state is a peninsula surrounded by temperate waters, we do enjoy a fairly comfortable environment if you don't count the native dangers like alligators, venomous snakes and all sorts of vermin, spiders and insects. But, for the most part we have our vaccinations and do prudent things like mask-up when we go shopping and mixing with unknown people.

I know, I know, we have a large population of crazed idiots who proudly and stubbornly go around un-vaxxed and un-masked flying multiple "Trump 2024" and "Let's Go Brandon" flags (and some more vulgarly "Fuck Joe Biden") from the back of their pick-ups on U.S. 1 and from their watercraft of all shapes and sizes as

they plow through the coastal inlets, swamping smaller craft and zooming past Mar-a-Lago in drunken rages hoping to impress the orange troglodyte that performs there every afternoon and evening.

We could get all upset and rage back at the stupidity and the outright racism and respond with flags of our own – a suggestion; “Brandon Kicked Asshole’s Butt” (a bit redundant) and a flag with Kamala Harris’ face and the words “Take that Morons” – but that will be impotency in itself. Largely nonfatal to anyone or to ourselves, fortunately.

However, we have experienced so much disappointment not just last year but also in years previous. We put our faith in Mueller and what happened? Nothing. We put our faith in multiple impeachments and what happened? Nothing. We have a current House committee that is exploring what happened on 1/6/2021. Will we get justice? I do not f*cking know. I remain hopeful, if merely forlornly.

My feeling is that we keep doing what we are doing and that is being ourselves and content to be who we are – the Aware Ones. I am looking forward to 2022 whatever the future holds for us.

Meanwhile, this current issue is a mix of contributions from Aware Ones and articles that should be of interest to Aware Ones. Bert, Ed, Jim, Dan, Gale, Yashi and myself have contributions to compare and contrast with other voices like Kareem Abdul Jabbar (!), Jim Palmer, Yvette d'Entremont, (also known as SciBabe), and letters to the editor written by Treasure Coast humanists. We have more poetry and a large section of humor and cartoons I am sure you will all enjoy (even if my sense of humor has been described as decidedly, “blue”).

“Blue Wave 2022”

Virgil

We continue the process of increasing the distribution of this Journal in the hopes of attracting new members. If you are new to the Aware Ones and would like to know more about us, please visit our website at <http://www.AwareOnesOfTheTreasureCoast.com>.

If and when social distancing is rescinded, you are also welcome to join our tables and the fresh air at either Stuart's *Sandsprit Park* 3443 SE Saint Lucie Blvd, or *Flagler Park* (under the Roosevelt Bridge on the 1st Friday of the month), where we gather every Friday *around* 11:00 am to share ideas and challenge your mind – masks optional if vaccinated. Members are encouraged to share and spread what is becoming a very interesting magazine. Outside criticism and interesting contributions are welcomed. Everyone is welcome to join us on the Sunday 11 am Zoom meeting.

If you do not want the journal and wish to have your address removed, please email vmthorp@outlook.com for confirmation.

AOTC MEMBERS

Joan Auerbach	Stretch Graton
Marsha Banks	Bob Haskins
Ernie Breud	Barbara Lange
Eddie Buitrago	Jim Longo
Rick Burkhardt	Yashi Nozawa
Sandra Burkhardt	Robertta Synal
Paul Carlos	Lucy Thorp
Gloria Cosgrove	Virgil Thorp
Ray Duryea	Dan Vignau
Marilyn Graton	Ed Zillioux
Gale Baker	Linda Webb
Bert Mautz	Betty Tewksbury
David Dorenzo	

MEETINGS & EVENTS

Meetings



Friday gatherings: First Friday of month at Flagler Park (under the Roosevelt Bridge). All other Fridays, *Summits at Sandsprit* – 11 am gathering in the sun and fresh air of Stuart's Sandsprit Park. BYOB

Sunday Coffee – Meeting still in limbo Zoom. 11 am Zoom meeting. Contact Dan Vignau <vignaujd@comcast.net> to be included with the connection codes.

TC Secular Writers – Zoom social on Wednesday or Thursday evenings at 6:30 pm. For access, contact Dan <vignaujd@comcast.net> to be included with the connection codes. Resumption of regular meetings subject to viral infections.

Social coffee and writers' meetings may become regular with "Zoom", a laxative for your mind. Check your e-mail for notifications of virtual gatherings.

Events

January – Bath Safety Month.

January 1 – National Hangover Day.



Jan 2 – *Muhammad Ali* born 1942, Louisville, Kentucky.

Jan 5 – *Robert Duvall* born, 1931



Jan 6 – Aware Ones Writers' zoom 6:30 pm.

Jan 7 – Aware Ones Flagler Park 11 am.



Jan 8 – Male Watcher's Day.

Jan 9 – Aware Ones Sunday zoom 11 am.

Jan 10 – Peculiar People Day.

Jan 11 – *Steven Hawking* born, 1942 Oxford, U.K.



Jan 12 – *David Bowie* born, 1947, London, U.K. Also, Feast of Fabulous Wild Men Day, National Hot Tea Day and National Pharmacist Day. *If you see Jim Longo, you'll know what to do.*

Jan 13 – International Skeptics Day

Jan 14 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.

Jan 16 – Aware Ones Sunday zoom 11 am.



Jan 17 – *Martin Luther King Jr.* born, 1929. Ditch New Year's Resolutions Day.

Jan 18 – Environmental Activist, *Greta Thunberg*, born 2003, Stockholm, Sweden. Thesaurus Day – *Yesterday I bought a thesaurus. When I got home, I discovered all the pages were blank. I have no words to describe how angry I am.*



Jan 20 – Aware Ones Writers' zoom 6:30 pm. Penguin Awareness Day.

Jan 21 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am. National Hugging Day

Jan 23 – Aware Ones Sunday zoom 11 am. Measure Your Feet Day – *we only ask.... "Why!?!"*

Jan 27 – *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart* born, 1756.

Jan 28 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.

Jan 30 – Aware Ones Sunday zoom 11 am. National Inane Answering Message Day.

Jan 31 – Bubble Wrap Appreciation Day.

February – Black History Month.

Feb 1 – National Freedom Day.
Spunky Old Broads Day (To be celebrated all month in honor of *Betty White*)

Feb 2 – Ground Hog Day.



Feb 3 – Aware Ones Writers' zoom 6:30 pm. The Day the Music Died - *Buddy Holly, Richie Valens* and *The Big Bopper* died in a plane crash in 1959, Clear Lake, Iowa.

Feb 4 – Aware Ones Meeting at Flagler Park, Stuart 11 am.
Winter Olympics Opening Ceremony.

Feb 5 – National Shower with a Friend Day.

Feb 6 – Aware Ones Sunday zoom 11 am. Superbowl LVI Sunday.

Black History 101



When we think of The Black Panthers, this is usually the image that comes to mind. Did you know they also:

- Operated free clinics;
- Taught self-defense classes;
- Fed kids breakfast before school;
- Delivered groceries to the elderly;
- Started a free school;
- Started the nutrition program for new Moms and their babies which later became WIC.

This has been your Black History Moment.

Feb 11 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am. Make a Friend Day (Didn't you do that last Saturday in the shower?).

Feb 12 – Darwin Day. *Charles Darwin* born, 1809. *Abraham Lincoln* born, 1809.

Feb 13 – Aware Ones Sunday zoom 11 am.

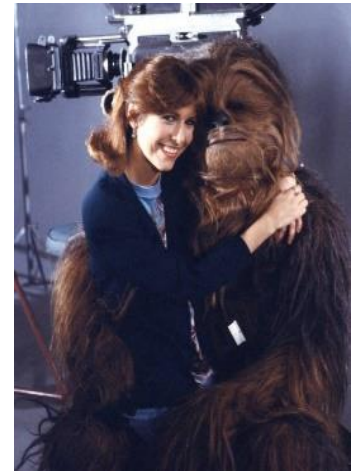
Feb 14 – Valentine's Day.

Feb 16 – Aware Ones' Journal 7-2 deadline.



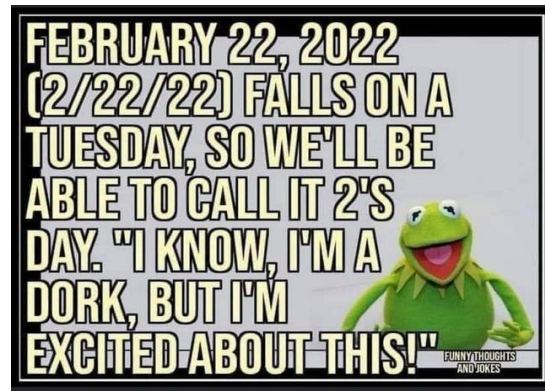
Feb 17 – Aware Ones Writers' zoom 6:30 pm

Feb 18 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am. National Drink Wine Day. BYOW.



Feb 20 – Aware Ones Sunday zoom 11 am. Love Your Pet Day. Winter Olympics Closing Ceremony.

Feb 22 – *George Washington's* Birthday. National Margarita Day.



Feb 25 – Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am. Pistol Patent Day.

"Everything that can be invented, has been invented." Charles H. Duell, Commissioner of the U.S. Patent Office, 1899.

Feb 27 – Aware Ones Sunday zoom 11 am.

March 3 – Aware Ones Writers' zoom 6:30 pm

March 4 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park 11 am.

Future Events of Note – March 2022. FreeFlo 2022, Orlando, Florida.

FREEFLO

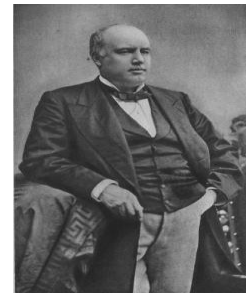
March 4-6, 2022 - Orlando
Marriott Airport Lakeside



It is official! FREEFLO 2022 has been scheduled. More than three hundred Atheists, Humanists, Pastafarians, Satanists, Skeptics, and Freethinkers of all labels will attend this three-day biennial event that includes informative lectures, great entertainment, lots of social time, a group service project, and many exhibitors. Proof of vaccination required. www.freeflo.org

Thoughts from Daily Ingersoll

As long as a man lives, he should study. Death alone has the right to dismiss the school.



LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST

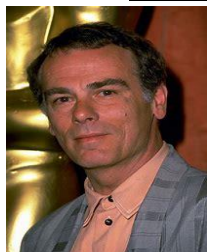
Nov 1 – Emmett Chapman, 85, American jazz guitarist and composer, inventor of the Chapman Stick.



Nov 5 – Marília Mendonça, 26, Brazilian singer-songwriter and guitarist, Latin Grammy winner (2019), airplane crash.



Nov 6 – Maureen Cleave, 87, British journalist (*Evening Standard*), interviewer for John Lennon's "More popular than Jesus" interview.



Nov 7 – Dean Stockwell, 85, American actor (*Quantum Leap*, *Married to the Mob*, *Paris, Texas*).

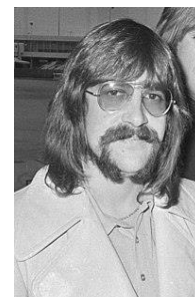


Nov 9 – Max Cleland, 79, American politician, Administrator of Veterans Affairs (1977–1981), Georgia Secretary of State (1983–1996) and U.S. Senator (1997–2003), heart failure.



Nov 11 – F. W. de Klerk, 85, South African politician, State President (1989–1994) and Deputy President (1994–1996), Nobel Peace Prize winner (1993), mesothelioma.

– Graeme Edge, 80, English Hall of Fame drummer (The Moody Blues), songwriter and poet, cancer.



– Winter, 16, American Bottlenose dolphin, subject of *Dolphin Tale* and *Dolphin Tale 2*, gastrointestinal infection.



Nov 20 – Billy Hinsche, 70, American rock pop musician (Dino, Desi & Billy, The Beach Boys), lung cancer.



Nov 21 – Marcella LeBeau, 102, American Lakota politician, nurse and World War II veteran.



Nov 26 – Stephen Sondheim, 91, American composer and lyricist (*West Side Story*, *Company*, *Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street*), nine-time Tony winner.



Nov 27 – Curley Culp, 75, American Hall of Fame football player (Kansas City Chiefs, Houston Oilers, Detroit Lions), Super Bowl champion (1970), problems caused by pancreatic cancer.



Nov 28 – Virgil Abloh, 41, American fashion designer, founder and CEO of *Off-White* (since 2012), cancer.

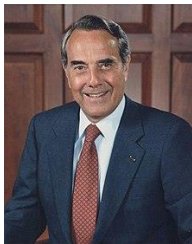


– Carrie Meek, 95, American politician, member of the U.S. House of Representatives from Florida's 17th congressional district (1993–2003)



Nov 28 – Arlene Dahl, 96, American actress (*Journey to the Center of the Earth*, *A Southern Yankee*, *Reign of Terror*)

– David Gulpilil, 67–68, Australian actor (*Walkabout*, *Charlie's Country*, *Crocodile Dundee*), lung cancer.



Dec 5 – Bob Dole, 98, American politician, member of the U.S. House of Representatives (1961–1969) and Senate (1969–1996), lung cancer.^[110]

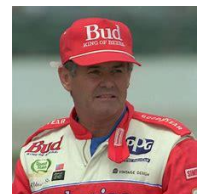
– John Miles, 72, British singer-songwriter and musician ("Music").



Dec 6 – Medina Spirit, 3, American Thoroughbred racehorse, disputed Kentucky Derby winner (2021), heart attack.



Dec 9 – Al Unser, 82, American Hall of Fame racing driver, four-time winner Indy 500, liver cancer.



– Lina Wertmüller, 93, Italian film director (*Seven Beauties*, *Love and Anarchy*, *Swept Away*) and screenwriter.

Dec 10 – Michael Nesmith, 78, American musician (The Monkees) and songwriter ("Different Drum", Grammy winner (1982), heart failure.





Dec 11 – Anne Rice, 80, American author (*The Vampire Chronicles*), complications from a stroke.



Dec 14 – Ken Kragen, 85, American music manager and producer ("We Are the World"), founder of *Hands Across America*.



Dec 15 – bell hooks, 69, American feminist author (*Ain't I a Woman?*, *Feminist Theory: From Margin to Center*, *All About Love: New Visions*), kidney failure.

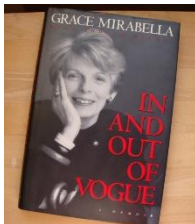
Dec 17 – Mladen Naletilić Tuta, 75, Bosnian paramilitary commander and convicted war criminal.



Dec 19 – Sally Ann Howes, 91, English actress (*Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*, *Brigadoon*, *The Admirable Crichton*) and singer.



Dec 23 – Joan Didion, 87, American writer (*Run, River*, *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*, *The Year of Magical Thinking*), complications from Parkinson's disease



– Grace Mirabella, 91, American magazine editor, editor-in-chief of *Vogue* (1971–1988) and founder of *Mirabella*

Dec 24 – J. D. Crowe, 84, American banjo player and bluegrass band leader (New South)



Dec 26 – Desmond Tutu, 90, South African Anglican prelate and civil rights activist, bishop of Johannesburg (1985–1986) and archbishop of Cape Town (1986–1996), Nobel Prize laureate (1984).



– Sarah Weddington, 76, American attorney (*Roe v. Wade*) and politician, member of the Texas House of Representatives (1973–1977) and White House political director (1979–1981).



– E. O. Wilson, 92, American biologist (*Sociobiology: The New Synthesis*) and writer (*On Human Nature*, *Consilience*), Pulitzer Prize winner (1979, 1991).

Dec 28 – John Madden, 85, American Hall of Fame football coach (Oakland Raiders) and sportscaster (*NFL on CBS*, *NFL on Fox*), Super Bowl champion (1977).



– Harry Reid, 82, American politician, member of the U.S. Senate (1987–2017) and House of Representatives (1983–1987), pancreatic cancer.

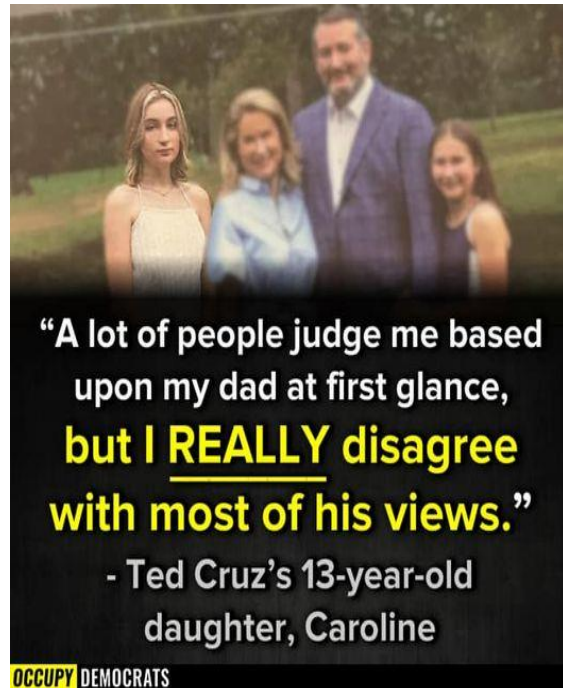
Dec 29 – Pupetta Maresca, 86, Italian beauty queen, mobster and convicted murderer. She made the international newspaper headlines in the mid-1950s when she killed the murderer of her husband in revenge.



Dec 31 – Betty White, 99, American actress (*The Golden Girls*, *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, *Hot in Cleveland*) and comedian, five-time Emmy winner.



Heroes and Heroines



Honoring all those slaves that built the U.S Capitol.





 **AFP News Agency**
 Frances Langum@Bluegal

Nov 12

Wearing a military beret and a Polish wartime resistance armband, 94-year-old Wanda Traczyk-Stawska stunned the crowd at a pro-EU rally when she thundered "Be quiet, stupid boy! You lousy bastard" at a member of a far-right group
u.afp.com/wJH2



Middle Age Riot
 @middleageriot

If you feel more outrage over an accident on a movie set than an attempted overthrow of the U.S. government, you might be a Republican.



OFFICE OF
 Governor
 JB Pritzker

STATEMENT BY GOVERNOR PRITZKER ON THE KYLE RITTENHOUSE VERDICT

Carrying a loaded gun into a community 20 miles from your home and shooting unarmed citizens is fundamentally wrong.

It's a tragedy that the court could not acknowledge that basic fact.

26-year-old Anthony Huber and 36-year-old Joseph Rosenbaum, a father, had their whole lives ahead of them. They deserved to be alive today. They deserve justice.

My thoughts and prayers go out to all who loved them.

We must do better than this.



George Takei 
 @GeorgeTakei

Is it wrong to teach about the Japanese American internment now? Because I've spent my whole life telling our story, and I'll be damned if I'll let some fool at a school board meeting refuse to let their kids hear about what happened to us.
 The truth, people. Teach the truth.

Dubious achievements

In a twitch livestream recently, Mak Pahar couldn't understand why he was feeling sick, why his immune system was failing. And why the ivermectin he claimed to be taking wasn't working. A Canadian Covid denier who believed the earth is flat has been found dead - days after he told a Twitch stream he was sick but that it wasn't Covid because 'it doesn't exist'. Parhar, from New Westminster, British Columbia, told his stream that he was suffering from tiredness, chills, and a cough 'with a lot of phlegm' but it was not 'Con-vid'.



WTF Florida

Drunk Florida Man Tries to Use Taco as ID After His Car Catches Fire at Taco Bell

By Kyle Munzenrieder Mon., Oct. 10 2011 at 11:01 AM
Categories: WTF Florida

Like Share 24k Tweet 1,701 375 Pocket 11 8+1 157

Tacos are not recognized as legal forms of identification in the state of Florida [insert bad joke about immigration laws here]. Matthew Falkner found out the hard way after he passed out drunk in the drive-thru of a Jensen Beach Taco Bell and his car caught fire [insert bad joke about Taco Bell's fire sauce or volcano taco here].

The incident occurred in the early morning of October 1 in Jensen Beach, according to the blog Off the Beat. Falkner, 30, had apparently decided to make a run for a




Kellyanne just told Fox that under Trump "there was no supply chain crisis." She added, "Melania had plenty of suede boots, Mr. Trump had crates of Diet Coke, Ivanka would hoard White House toilet paper, Don Jr had tons of cocaine and I was fully stocked with total bullshit" — Paul Rudnick

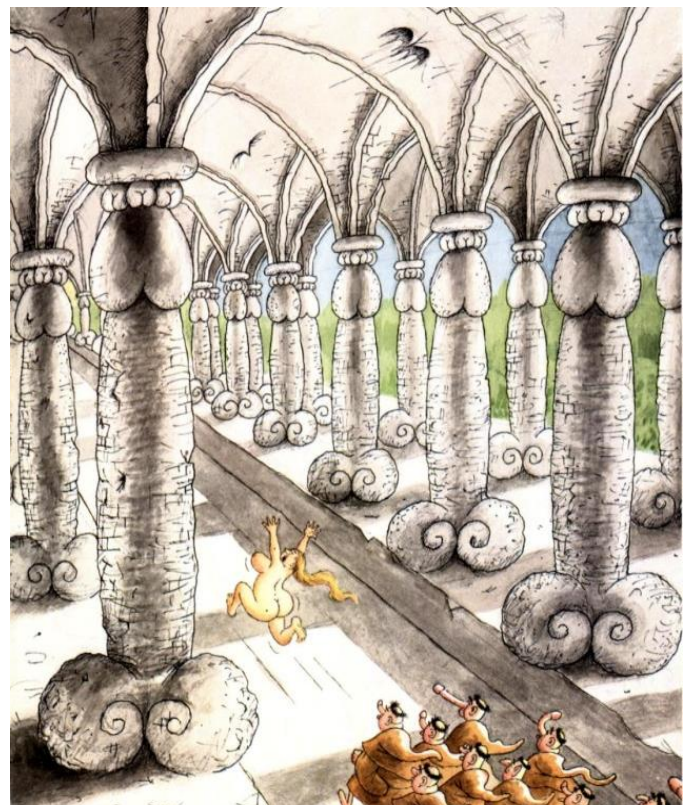


Hemant Mehta @hemantmehta · 6h

End Times preacher Sharon Gilbert says that an alien imitated her husband, and then it tried to have sex with her, and then it claimed to be Xerxes, and then Jesus got involved, and then the alien turned out to be a reptile with a posse of gargoyles.



\$25 The Great Delusion DVD by Josh Peck - Includes S&H 1-888-988-1588 www.JIMBAKKERSHOW.COM 0:12 / 1:59



This Just In



Alien 4 Movie Production Just Announced



Defeating the Purpose



COMMENTARY

Closing Thoughts 2021

By Gale Baker

While we have watched white supremacists and rightwing republicans attempt to erase the value of other citizens; we have stood on the sidelines feeling helpless. And we must not be silent now that the GOP in states is finding new ways to suppress the vote of the American Citizen.

I ask - Why is the white man so afraid?

Does the black man have a nose?

Does he also have toes?

Does the Asian have ears?

Does he warrant all our fears?

And what about the man

Who escaped from a land,

Where he was persecuted and afraid

That his body might be laid

In a shallow grave?

And what about the Red Man?

Didn't the white man take his land,

Without reason, without a care,

That the Red Man's children sheltered there.

That in fear and hunger now,

They wonder why and how,

That their life has come to this

While the white man lives in the bliss

Of ignorance.

He too has a nose, toes, ears and face.

But he has forgotten his true place

In this universe of stars.

He's forgotten that we are

Just specks, and he

Will not better be

When the end is near.

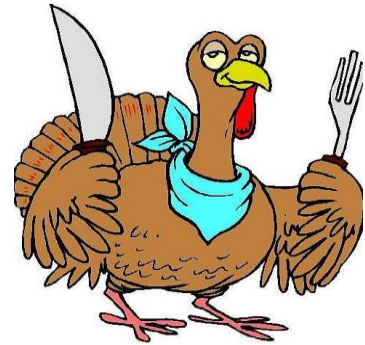
What then will HE fear?



EDUCATION = CLASS?

By Bert Mautz

Table seating at a thanksgiving potluck party spurred one fellow to state emphatically that "advanced education was a waste of time, unnecessary to ones' life quality and achievements." Others at the table, including a law degree took him on, but not to be dissuaded.



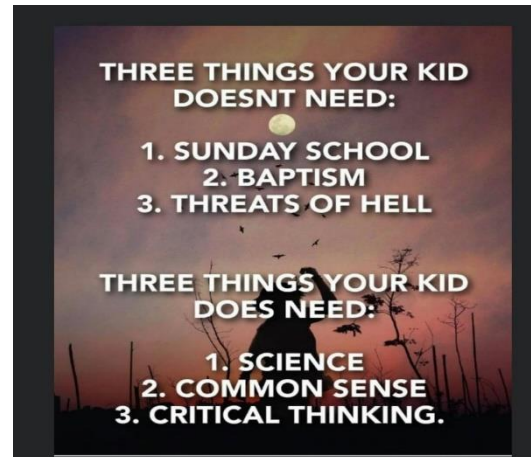
His career provided well for himself and family, accomplished by faithful longevity in his company. Sees no advantage to extra education. It's hard to persuade the uneducated on what they've missed out. Their assumption that memorization of facts from books never to be read again, wastes their time.

Have engaged this topic before. One of the best reasonings in support of the extra/higher schooling is learning to apply critical thinking. To challenge, doubt, judge rationales presented as facts to determine whether or not these answers are for real, to be adopted as your own.



Another aspect of learning is exposure, broadening of horizons; arts, music, drama, one's very

quality of life. Does one's exposure to geopolitical events get beyond television news? For some, there is the joy of learning, exposure to new and interesting phenomena, and here learning begins to intersect class. Is the individual growing, advancing with life, or merely existing? Can he engage with others who are learned? Must acknowledge the obvious here; you're not getting into medical school without good grades from good universities in premed curriculums. Without the prerequisites that master's degree won't happen, much less professional degrees.



What does one read; newspapers, magazines/journals, books; histories, novels? It could be argued that exposure gained by reading constitutes one's mental health and vitality, not to mention entertainment that stimulates and refreshes through exposure.



Inquired of my favorite, young bartender, Michael, whether he was attending college. His answer was that he tried it for a semester, didn't like it, and instead got his insurance sales license in Texas. Now he has a nice apartment, a girlfriend, and working makes that all possible. He wondered aloud how college would have raised his income, or contentment. Schooling was equated with income potential and he saw no advantage.

This assumption takes us back to Bob and the Thanksgiving dinner table assertion. His life is just fine. He decorates for Christmas with his model trains. Who could ask for more? Bob's is a very small world view. He asks few questions. His social contacts, his conversation is simplistic. This is a man of modest expectations, who is content with his simple life.

Bob and Michael, generations apart, share the assumption that “higher education’s” only advantage is income level, and each is content with what he’s achieved. Education’s contribution to quality of life, breadth of exposure to the world, the arts surrounding him does not occur.

How does one choose who to socialize with? How does quality of conversation figure into these choices? Speaking selfishly and in conclusion, an education in the arts, and architectural history, combined with psychology adds up to an insufferable bore, unsatisfied until engaged with like-minded scholars and world view. And my definition of sufficient social class.

Damn time change. I had to go around and fix all my clocks.



p.s. I once attended a monthly session of a progressive group. Ostensibly to find like-minded, free-thinking, politically aware people. Hopefully like myself. The atmosphere began congenially, and I was invited to introduce myself. Couldn’t resist saying a little more. Intent on getting a reading on the group, I mentioned that on this very Sunday morning, learned that Frank Rich was leaving the *New York Times* editorial team. Nothing. No reaction. No *Times* readers in this crowd. Should’ve been my

first and all important clue. You can’t always know who you will be comfortable with until you try. One you DO find them, be forever grateful or all you will hear is the echo of crickets.



Roger Stone selling 'autographed rocks' in desperate bid to pay his legal bills: report

Aaron Rodgers Didn't Just Lie

His lies, his illogical defense, and his hubris damage all professional athletes.



By Kareem Abdul-Jabbar



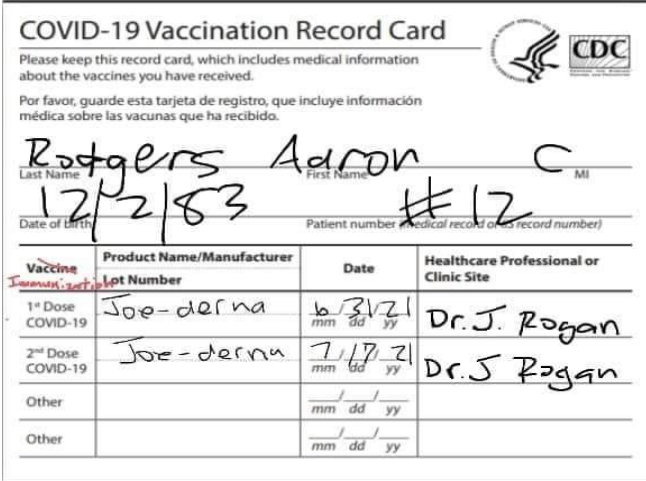
Professional athletes have come so far from the dark days when the public saw them as perpetually partying adolescents, mean-spirited bullies, and worse: dim-wits one step above tackling dummies on the evolutionary scale. Today, many players are eloquent spokespersons as well as admirable athletes. This hard-fought change occurred gradually over decades as more and more athletes proved themselves to be passionate and articulate advocates for a better, more inclusive society.

This shift in public perception is especially important when we understand how impactful athletes are in influencing our children. According to a Kaiser Family Foundation study, children 10-17 years old admire famous athletes second (73 percent) only to their parents (92 percent). That's a sacred trust not to be abused. Unfortunately, the pandemic has revealed several athletes who abuse their position and responsibility, not just to the public, but to other professional athletes' livelihood.

That latest egregious abuser is Green Bay quarterback and three-time MVP Aaron Rodgers who directly and deliberately lied to fans and the public when he assured everyone he was "immunized," knowing that word would be interpreted as his being vaccinated. He wasn't vaccinated. And he got COVID-19. And he went maskless during in-person press conferences, which not only violated NFL rules, but put everyone else's health at risk.

Instead of consulting immunologists, he consulted anti-vaxxer and podcast host Joe Rogan, who also contracted the virus. If he ever requires open-heart surgery will he hand the scalpel to romance writers because they know about matters of the heart? While many who came into contact with him thought he was vaccinated, Rodgers had embarked on his own regimen to boost his “natural immunity.” He failed, as any scientist could have told him—and as they have been publicly telling us for over a year. University of Michigan microbiologist Ariangela Kozik explained that achieving “natural immunity” through these homeopathic methods is a non-starter because vaccines inform our immune system what the virus looks like so the body can build its own protection.

Rodgers compounded his lie by adding another lie. While being interviewed about the backlash on the *Pat McAfee Show*,



The image shows a COVID-19 Vaccination Record Card for Aaron Rodgers. The card is titled "COVID-19 Vaccination Record Card" and includes the CDC logo. It contains the following information:

- Last Name:** Rodgers
- First Name:** Aaron
- MI:** C
- Date of Birth:** 12/2/83
- Patient number (medical record or record number):** #12

Vaccine	Product Name/Manufacturer	Date	Healthcare Professional or Clinic Site
1 st Dose COVID-19	Joe-derna	6/3/21	Dr. J. Rogan
2 nd Dose COVID-19	Joe-derna	7/17/21	Dr. J. Rogan
Other		mm/dd/yy	
Other		mm/dd/yy	

he claimed that a league doctor told him “it would be impossible for a vaccinated person to catch or spread COVID.” However, the NFL responded by saying no doctor from the league or consultants from the NFL-NFLPA communicated with the players. And if they had, they wouldn’t have given such clear misinformation, which anyone who’s read a newspaper or watched a legitimate news show would already know. No medical expert claimed the vaccine prevents getting or transmitting the virus, only that their chances of spreading it to others or developing severe symptoms themselves are significantly reduced.

What’s especially bothersome is that Aaron Rodgers didn’t just lie and threaten the health of those around him, he also damaged professional sports. Many athletes make a lot of money on product endorsements, which depends on the public’s favorable perception of athletes. In 2020, global sports sponsorship was worth about \$57 billion. Yet, every time a pro athlete like Kyrie Irving (anti-vax), Henry Ruggs (speeding at 156 mph, crashing, and killing someone),

Evander Kane (forging vaccination card), or Aaron Rodgers does or says something stupid, the public trust in athletes lowers and sponsors might consider avoiding players in favor of actors, pop stars, or social media influencers. Steph Curry and LeBron James don't have to worry, but some up-and-comers might not get the same opportunities.

Rodgers' ignorance regarding the science of immunology brings back to life the old stereotype of the big dumb jock. His utter lack of even the most basic knowledge and logic is shocking. In an effort to defend his lying, he stated, "This idea that it's a pandemic of the unvaccinated, it's just a total lie ... If the vaccine is so great, then how come people are still getting covid and spreading covid and, unfortunately dying of covid?" Those two statements don't even belong together. Statistics from many sources conclude that around 97 percent of those being hospitalized or who have died in the past several months are unvaccinated. The CDC found that the unvaccinated are 11 times more likely to die than those vaccinated. If he thinks that's a lie, what credible evidence does he have? None.



The second part of his statement that laments the vaccine isn't that great because people are still dying and getting sick is staggeringly illogical. People are still getting COVID—like him and Joe Rogan—because they *didn't get vaccinated*. Yes, some people who have been vaccinated have also caught it, but a lot fewer of them than the unvaccinated, and their symptoms are generally more mild. His logic is like someone having a debt of \$50,000 and a friend offers to give them a gift of \$40,000. But they complain that it isn't the full amount so they aren't accepting the gift.

He also claimed he was allergic to ingredients in the vaccine, but offered no proof, which may be why the NFL denied his petition for vaccine exemption. Statistically, only 21 out of two million vaccinated people had severe allergic reactions. He also expressed concern over fertility issues, even though there is a greater risk of infertility from COVID-19, which he has.

Rodgers complained that the “cancel culture” was coming for him, but his own words cancel him as a liar and a bad thinker. If he had a principled objection to the vaccine, he could have chosen not to play, like Kyrie Irving, who at least is honest. What really sacked his whining stance was his refusal to wear a mask during interviews to protect others from sickness and death. That was merely his hubris and arrogance against what he called the “woke mob.” In this case, woke means compassion and responsibility toward others. He might also remember that the only reason he is able to play in front of crowds again is because all those suckers got vaccinated.

What will happen to Aaron Rodgers? Other than the brief suspension probably very little. He’s a valuable asset to a multi-billion-dollar industry. The deal he signed with the Packers in 2018 is worth \$134 million, plus the \$9 million for commercial endorsements such as the one he has with Adidas, State Farm Insurance, and others. He has lost one endorsement: Prevea Health, a health care provider, cancelled their contract because his actions were contrary to their commitment to encourage vaccines to end the pandemic. When Rodgers signed with the company in 2019, Dr. Ashok Rai, president and CEO of Prevea, remarked at the time, “As one of the most respected athletes in the country, Aaron is truly passionate about improving the health and wellness of our communities.” That, too, turned out not to be true.

I can’t help but think of Colin Kaepernick, who was blacklisted by the NFL for passively expressing his frustration with systemic racism—a brave act meant to help his community and save lives—while multi-millionaire Rodgers will continue to play, despite lying to the fans and his teammates and putting innocent lives in danger. Time will tell whether Rodgers will be judged by the content of his character or the strength of his throwing



arm.kareem.substack.com/p/aaron-rodgers-didnt-just-lie

Holy Scumbag, Analman!

By Virgil Thorp

Let me warn right from the beginning, some of you may think this is a backdoor route to character assassination. It is!

It was February in 2021 and there we were for Super Bowl week and

my favorite team was playing the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. Yippee.

God did not choose either of them and despite the Cinderella story of an aging bull facing the challenge of the younger, more vigorous bull, no deity interfered in the outcome of the contest.

Teams played and there was a winner and a loser. Tampa busted my favored Chiefs in the mouth and made them look like anything but a team that should have been in the Super Bowl.

Biblically, you could center the blame for the false narrative on the sportscasters, the scribes and pharisees of our day, who feel



compelled to somehow add woefully mendacious comments that detract from drama that the game already represents.



It is a fog of nonsensical stories and features about the players' inspirations, faiths and superstitions. Oh fuck, it is all superstition. Can I prove that? Do I want to?

Sure, I am an atheist. I don't believe in a supreme being watching and guiding everything I do – or have done in my

lifetime of masturbation and sinful iniquities. Inigo Montoya prayed to his father to guide his sword to find the secret passage to find the masked man. But I do not believe in that kind of trashy, asinine stupidity. I especially am repelled by the exploitation of some jock's notion of the almighty blocking his way for a touchdown or to intercept a non-divine, yet *Hail Mary* pass.



College degrees in physical education do not guarantee any units of intellectual intelligence. I feel especially bad for the athlete who shares that he makes a special prayer before every game. Is there anything more repulsive than a prayer circle when one of the participants has been knocked unconscious and has no feeling in his lower body? You praying fuckers did it! If the god you pray to had any decency, that god (and I refuse to appoint a gender to such a specter) would have

provided a softer landing place than the hard frozen ground that ripped out the sinews of knees, rotator cuffs and spinal cords and detaches the brain cells of this new generation that lives in Palookaville.

I'd be more impressed if the padded players stomped on the ground and demanded why the specter had forsaken their downed opponent.



I am certain of one thing, that it is possible to self-hypnotize into a state of concentration where performance is higher and effort is more focused and therefore, more complete. The result is a "how the hell did he do that?" observation. It is almost superhuman.



In Frank We Trust

@Atheism_Tweets

No one ever posts on Facebook about when their prayers were NOT answered.

8:50 PM - 4 Mar 2020

Almost. It doesn't last long, however. Little aches and trifling pains accumulate to overwhelm the ability to maintain that kind of willful concentration.



Despite evidence to the contrary, I can safely posit that there is "no god" on the gridiron or anywhere else. What evidence? For every

player who thanks god, there is a guy on the opposite team wondering why all his 24/7 praise, holy tattoos and superstitious emblems left him on the short end of the consecrated phariseetic sanctimony. Evidence? Tim Tebow comes to mind.



But what I do need is a new drug. Not a medicinal drug, but a new hallucinogen. Something fun and mirthful. Something joyful. Something that lets me laugh again. Something that takes away pain, takes away grief, takes away the bewilderment of the clashes with reality. Something that will tell me that winning at



someone else's expense is *not* everything. Something that detaches mind from body and happiness from incomprehension. Something mild that won't cause me to vomit first before I start experiencing tracers.

What a great idea! As Jimi Hendrix so aptly sang in a blast from the past, "S'cuse me while I kiss the sky. Purple Haze."

LETTERS TO

THE EDITOR

TC Palm – 12-7-2021

Founders made sure our Constitution did not establish a state religion

As founder of Humanists of the Treasure Coast, which advocates for equal treatment of non-religious individuals, I intended to share a Winter Holiday message encouraging everyone to treat those with different religious or political views with compassion and respect. I still offer those positive wishes as I respond to Linda Fithian's Nov. 21 letter that incorrectly claims our nation was founded on the Judeo-Christian Ten Commandments.

Our great nation's founders framed the Constitution to make certain they didn't enable a state religion like they'd experienced in England, where people weren't free to practice any other religion and were punished for not submitting to the Church of England's will.

Our nation's secular (non-religious) Constitution, drafted by James Madison with input from deists like Thomas Jefferson, does not mention God, Judaism or Christianity anywhere. Rather than intertwine our laws with religion, our Constitution states that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof ..." and that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to hold any public office. Our Constitution requires our government to treat all religious opinions equally, which is why both Fithian and I have the right to worship or not as we see fit, as long as our behavior doesn't interfere with other's rights.

While religious leaders have shed blood over which Bible version is most accurate or who wrote it, historians agree James Madison authored our Constitution. Madison wisely asked, "Who does not see that the same authority which can establish Christianity in exclusion of all other religions may establish, with the same ease, any particular sect of Christianity in exclusion of all other sects?" Fortunately, our nation allows everyone to celebrate whatever winter holiday they wish without governmental or clerical interference.

Joseph Beck, Port St. Lucie

TC Palm – 12-22-2021

Educators must be able to discuss U.S. history

Once again, our governor, in *The Villages*, is touting yet another bill to squash First Amendment protections and reasonable educational efforts. Critical race theory is not taught in our K-12 schools and classes. What is being taught is history of these United States. The fact is: The United States has a history and at times it has been ugly.

**IF BLACK CHILDREN
ARE OLD ENOUGH TO
EXPERIENCE
RACISM, WHITE CHILDREN
ARE OLD ENOUGH
TO LEARN ABOUT IT**



I attended schools from 1952 through 1976 (grammar, high school, and two college degrees). Never during all that time did I learn the ramifications of Jim Crow; details of the Civil War; the atrocities perpetuated on Native Americans; the discrimination against the Japanese during World War II; the political details surrounding slavery or the details of the harsh, sometime deadly, actions taken against our Black (or different ethnic) citizens.

Should all Americans feel ashamed with this history? Absolutely! Should we bury this history so that it is not taught in schools? Absolutely not. We should face our history and learn from it so that we do not repeat it, so that we make amends and learn a better, more equitable way of treating one another. We cannot do that if we don't learn our history.

Our educators (at every level) need to be able to present the facts of history, discuss them and what they mean to the present and the future and let ideas for betterment percolate in the minds of our youth. More education, not less, is the answer to these issues.

Will the result be that students will hate America (as predicted by Gov. Ron DeSantis and others]? No.

The result will be a better understanding of America and why we are who we are today, thus fostering and supporting ideas and plans that will make America the ideal country we want it to be.

Edward Booth, Port St. Lucie

TC Palm – 12-29-2021

Religious symbols of any kind do not belong on public property

While looking at winter holiday decorations in Port St. Lucie's Tradition Square, I was aghast to see on public property a huge Christian manger display and nearby a small Menorah. Specific religious symbols do not belong on public property maintained by taxes of residents of varying beliefs throughout the city. The fact is, America is more and more a nation of multi-religious and non-religious factions who celebrate the season in various ways.

There may be as many as 34 different belief systems celebrated this time of year, from winter solstice, Kwanza, celebrations by Muslims, Hindus, Buddhists, Baha'is, Native Americans, pagans and Jews, to name a few. People and families have a right to celebrate their holidays as they choose, but public officials must exemplify equal treatment of all by supporting holiday displays that everyone can enjoy and relate to without giving special treatment to their favorite religion and neglecting minority religions and secular perspectives.

The holiday display on the Tradition Square Green with white lights wrapped on all the trees is beautiful and can be enjoyed by all. Displays of "Season's Greetings," "Joy," and "Happy Holidays" are inclusive. Selecting one religion for special treatment is divisive, un-American, and unconstitutional.

I wish everyone a safe and joyful winter holiday season and hope you will celebrate your religious or secular customs among like-minded people in gathering places that are meaningful for you this holiday season.



Jo Anne Gillespie, Port St. Lucie, is president of Humanists of the Treasure Coast.

American History Quiz

1. Brought to America in chains at the bottom of ships
A. Black Lives B. All Lives
2. Enslaved in America for over 400 years
A. Black Lives B. All Lives
3. Were counted as 3/5 human in America
A. Black Lives B. All Lives
4. Prevented from attending school with whites in America until 1954
A. Black Lives B. All Lives
5. Were lynched or killed in America for speaking to white women
A. Black Lives B. All Lives

ARTICLES

THE WAY WE REALLY WERE?



By Jim Golden

From someone who teaches AP US History:

If you are confused as to why so many Americans are defending the confederate flag, monuments, and statues right now, I put together a quick Q&A, with questions from a hypothetical person with misconceptions and answers from my perspective as an AP U.S. History Teacher:



Q: What did the Confederacy stand for?

A: Rather than interpreting, let's go directly to the words of the Confederacy's Vice President, Alexander Stephens. In his "Cornerstone Speech" on March 21, 1861, he stated "The

Constitution... rested upon the equality of races. This was an error. Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea; its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery subordination to the superior race is his natural and



normal condition. This, our new government, is the first, in the history of the world, based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth."

Q: But people keep saying heritage, not hate! They think the purpose of the flags and monuments are to honor confederate soldiers, right?

A: The vast majority of confederate flags flying over government buildings in the south were first put up in the 1960's during the Civil Rights Movement. So, for the first hundred years after the Civil War ended, while relatives of those who fought in it were still alive, the confederate flag wasn't much of a symbol at all. But when Martin Luther King, Jr. and John Lewis were marching on Washington to get the Civil Rights Act (1964) and Voting Rights Act (1965) passed, leaders in the south felt compelled to fly confederate flags and put-up monuments to honor people who had no living family members and had fought in a war that ended a century ago. Their purpose in doing this was to exhibit their displeasure with black people fighting for basic human rights that were guaranteed to them in the 14th and 15th Amendments but being withheld by racist policies and practices.

Q: But if we take down confederate statues and monuments, how will we teach about and remember the past?

A: Monuments and statues pose little educational relevance, whereas



museums, the rightful place for Confederate paraphernalia, can provide more educational opportunities for citizens to learn about our country's history. The Civil War is important to learn about and will always loom large in social studies curriculum. Removing monuments from public places and putting them in museums also allows us to avoid celebrating and honoring people who believed that tens of millions of black Americans should be legal property.



Q: But what if the Confederate flag symbol means something different to me?

A: Individuals aren't able to change the meaning of symbols that have been defined by history. When I hang a Bucs flag outside my house, to me, the Bucs might represent the best team in the NFL, but to the outside world, they represent an awful NFL team, since they haven't won a playoff game in 18 years. I can't change that meaning for everyone who drives by my house because it has been established for the whole world to see. If a Confederate flag stands for generic rebellion or southern pride to you, your personal interpretation forfeits any meaning once you display it



publicly, as its meaning takes on the meaning it earned when a failed regime killed hundreds of thousands of Americans in an attempt to destroy America and keep black people enslaved forever.

Q: But my uncle posted a meme that said the Civil War/Confederacy was about state's rights and not slavery?

A: "A state's right to what?" – John Green



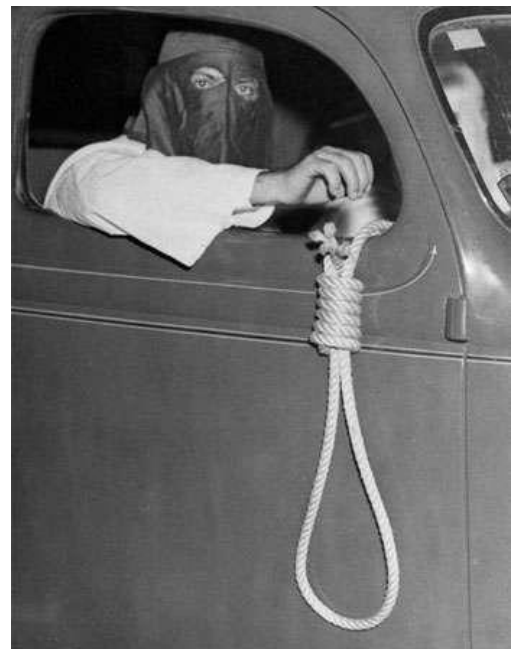
Q: Everyone is offended about everything these days. Should we take everything down that offends anyone?

A: The Confederacy literally existed to go against the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and the idea that black people are human beings that deserve to live freely. If that doesn't upset or offend you, you are un-American.

Q: Taking these down goes against the First Amendment and freedom of speech, right?

A: No. Anyone can do whatever they want on their private property, on their social media, etc. Taking these down in public, or having private corporations like NASCAR ban them on their properties, has literally nothing to do with the Bill of Rights.

Q: How can people claim to be patriotic while supporting a flag that



stood for a group of insurgent failures who tried to permanently destroy America and killed 300,000 Americans in the process?

A: No clue.

Q: So if I made a confederate flag my profile picture, or put a confederate bumper sticker on my car, what am I declaring to my friends, family, and the world?



A: That you support the Confederacy. To recap, the Confederacy stands for: slavery, white supremacy, treason, failure, and a desire to permanently destroy Selective history as it supports white supremacy.

It's no accident that:

You learned about Helen Keller instead of W.E.B, DuBois

You learned about the Watts and L.A. Riots, but not Tulsa or Wilmington.

You learned that George Washington's dentures were made from wood, rather than the teeth from slaves.

You learned about black ghettos, but not about Black Wall Street.

You learned about the New Deal, but not "red lining."

You learned about Tommie Smith's fist in the air at the 1968 Olympics, but not that he was sent home the next day and stripped of his medals.

You learned about "black crime," but white criminals were never lumped together and discussed in terms of their race.

You learned about "states' rights" as the cause of the Civil War, but not that slavery was mentioned 80 times in the articles of secession.

Privilege is having history rewritten so that you don't have to acknowledge uncomfortable facts.

Racism is perpetuated by people who refuse to learn or acknowledge this reality.

You have a choice.



Provided by Teddy Tatum KCMO



VOODOO R-O-I ECONOMICS 2021

By J. Dan Vignau

In a recent hearing, a Republican congressman was repeatedly questioned about his hatred of the Infrastructure bills being presented by the Democrats.

Raymondo

As has become the usual Modus Operandi for the GOP, he did not attempt to answer anything asked. Instead, he kept yelling, "Where is the return-on-investment?"

Well, Mr. Congressman, where are your fellow Americans returns on the tax dollars we give you to invest? Sunday's Aware ZOOM meeting discussed the right-wing question that always arises if anything is ever presented to the budget committee, at least whenever it is not a corporate wealth-fare gift.

Although we do not have the extra money lying around for this nearly trillion-dollar-bill, we also did not have that amount lying around when the trillion dollars was recently given to the corporations that are able to raise the prices of their products by spending millions to lobby, i.e., bribe our Congress through donations to their election campaigns



Can we start calling people who own Big Tech companies "Robber Barons?"

Jeff Bazos = John D Rockefeller
Elon Musk = Thomas Edison
Bill Gates = Andrew Carnegie

We're living in the Second Gilded Age, with literally the same wealth disparity as the 1890s

(*Citizens United*). Not only are these caretakers of our hard-earned tax dollars making millions, but they also get out of actually thinking about and writing bills. Everything is provided from the companies that pay the lobbyists. Nearly all of our bills are totally written by corporate think tanks. Congressman do not even have to read then to reap the return on their investment of the taxes paid by the common workers and Sergeants of industry.

Yes, I said Sergeants, not Captains. The former still pretty much

pay their share of taxes, albeit not always a fair share, compared to the workers. Captains and above get tax write offs, while Generals get a free ride on their investment income.

But they earn this money by making profits for their respective companies, they claim. The facts are that each board of directors, who are appointed by the Chairman and are themselves very well compensated, will lose their jobs and grotesque incomes if they protest that their company is losing millions, even billions, of dollars, and huge bonuses should not be paid.

Back to return on investment. Since the passage of the trillion-dollar gift of our tax dollars to industry, money that was to be invested in job creation, at least according to the liars who passed it, about \$5,000,000 in return on investment has been contributed to the people who gave this money away.

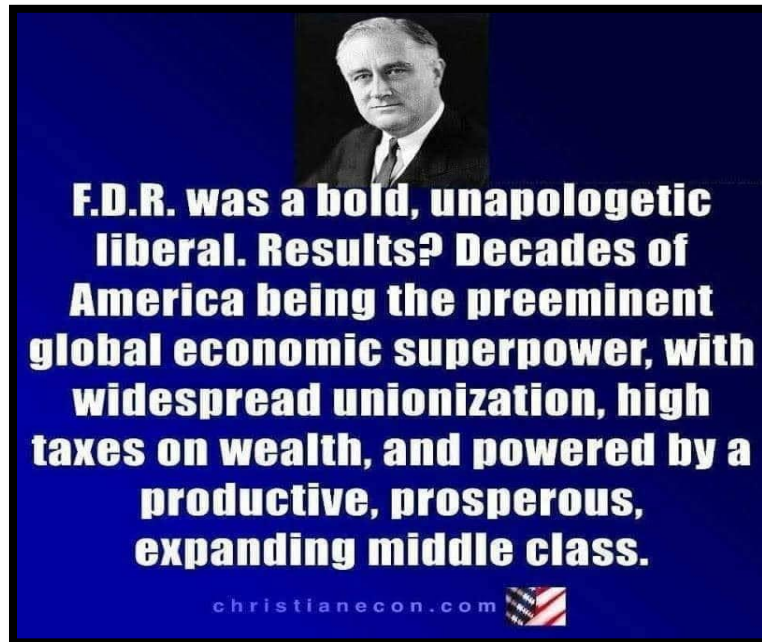
Of course, they are totally right about the lack of return on investment from any poor people who are helped by a stimulus for actual workers and job seekers, not to mention welfare recipients. How many of these people have extra money to bribe congress to pass bills that benefit the spenders in Congress?



The fact that stimulus money given to our corporate state is not questioned is obvious. There is a return on investment to Congressmen, as well as to the companies who support them and not coincidentally write the bills passed on to Congress.

Still, where will we get the money for a stimulus to help the public? Well, to start, we can save quite a bit by rebuilding our bridges before they cost us billion by failing. We can quit building our deterrent against Communism. In case you haven't noticed, we won.

To protect its crowded borders from its surrounding 14 countries,



including enemies, Russia, The Middle East, India, North Korea, and yes Formosa, China spends about a third of the US military expenditure of Seven and a Third Billion Dollars. This protects their 1.4 billion people from imminent invasion. Yes, we have to also protect ourselves from the countries we are

bombing, as well as the ones which build up their military because of our grotesque war machine, but hey! The spenders of our tax dollars are well compensated for their investment for funding wars.

In other words, we spend three times as much money to protect us from the friendly countries, Canada and Mexico, as well as the countries we bomb to guarantee future funding of the military.

We could save 25 billion by not building new warships to launch missiles. We could have saved well over a trillion dollars building the non-functional F-35. We could have saved over two trillion by not invading Afghanistan. We could have saved nearly \$150 million by letting Israel pay for their genocide of the Palestinians. I could go on forever.

Our Congress calls it, "Return On Investment", and for these sums they also get out of the work of actually writing bills. They simply pass along the paperwork that we call bills, again, which are written by the corporate think tanks through the Congress.



Quid Pro Quo!

Geographically, Russia is about twice the size of America. It has even more countries to worry about than does China, including China, but also, most of Europe. Russia spends about one eleventh of our budget on its military, but at least they don't have to worry about invasion from Mexico and Canada. China Yes; Canada no.

How about medical expenses? Don't get me started. The US is first in medical spending per person, and 10th in life expectancy by spending. We could do better, save money and keep people alive. But where is the return on investment of keeping workers alive after they are too feeble to help companies make a profit?

COVID has cost a lot and will continue to do so as long as we refuse to cooperate to try to stop it. Taiwan, a country with a population of 23 million, has had under a hundred deaths. How? Well, they have health care with computers that track everyone's illnesses. When someone is diagnosed, that person is isolated, along with any contacts: 78 deaths among 23 million people, versus our 334 million people and $\frac{3}{4}$ of a million deaths. One in every 30 thousand people in Taiwan have died from COVID: one in every 444 in the US. That is 67 times the rate of death in the US, even though Taiwan is just off the coast of China and has a population density far exceeding ours.

Imagine how much money we could have saved if our health care system functioned as well as Taiwan. Oh yeah, Taiwan is 12 spots up on the US in life expectancy, not in the per dollar spent per



person ranking. The US may be 10th when compared to healthcare cost per person, but we are 46th overall, because caring countries outspend us.

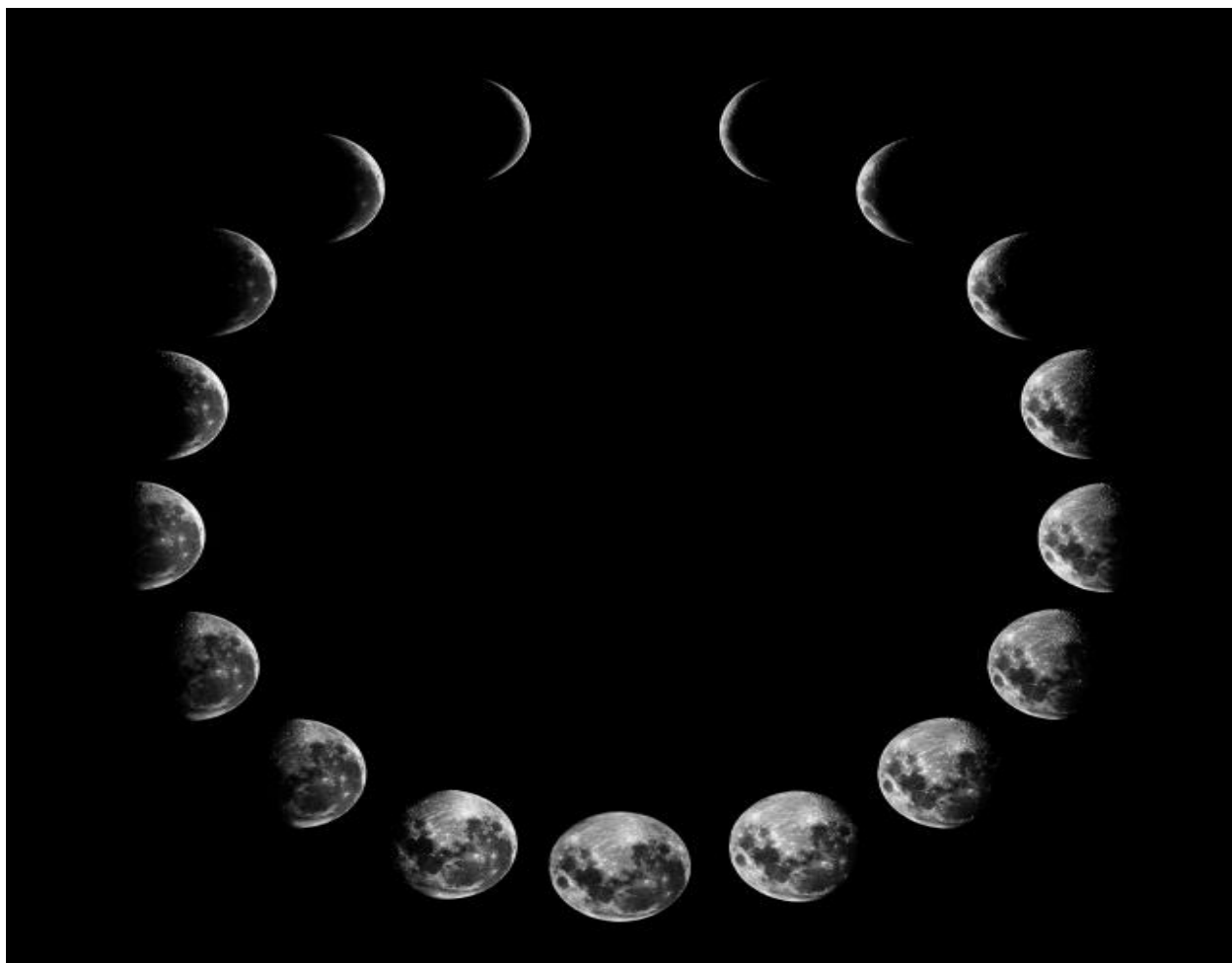
While never asking where we might get the money to give industry a trillion dollars, we have spent 12 trillion on losses and the bailout and 35 billion just for Enron, which seemed like a lot at the time. Now, we are allowing these same industries to write the laws regulating them, allowing congressmen to sit idly by as they collect, ahem, campaign contributions, before they forward the bills that are the companies' Return-On-Investments. We are spending a lot more than necessary for COVID. Vaccination and masks could lower these costs.

BUT! BUT! We still have no answer as to where the money will come from. We need to totally revamp our socio-economic system. That will not happen while the writers of the laws pay to keep hate filled sycophants in power.

How can we pay for the bailout How about by learning from our past and ... Oh, excuse me, I was having a brain fart.

I dare say it will never happen. As our members Paul and Gloria said, sort of, "Lets rejoice that we lived in the best of times."





Religion is a Mental Illness

From "religion-is-a-mental-illness.tumblr.com"

Come for the memes, stay for the rants.
"If there is a god, he's a cunt and I'll tell him to his face."

I've finally gotten around to watching Carl Sagan's "Cosmos" mini-series (thanks [@11sideup](#) for the prod).

I'm absolutely fucking pissed. By around 500BCE...

... we knew that the Earth is round and orbits the Sun.

... we knew that stars are other suns, and that they were very far away.

... we knew that the Earth was tiny, and other worlds likely existed.

... we knew what the Milky Way was.

... we knew that disease is caused by germs, not demons.

... we knew about evolution.

... we knew about atoms.

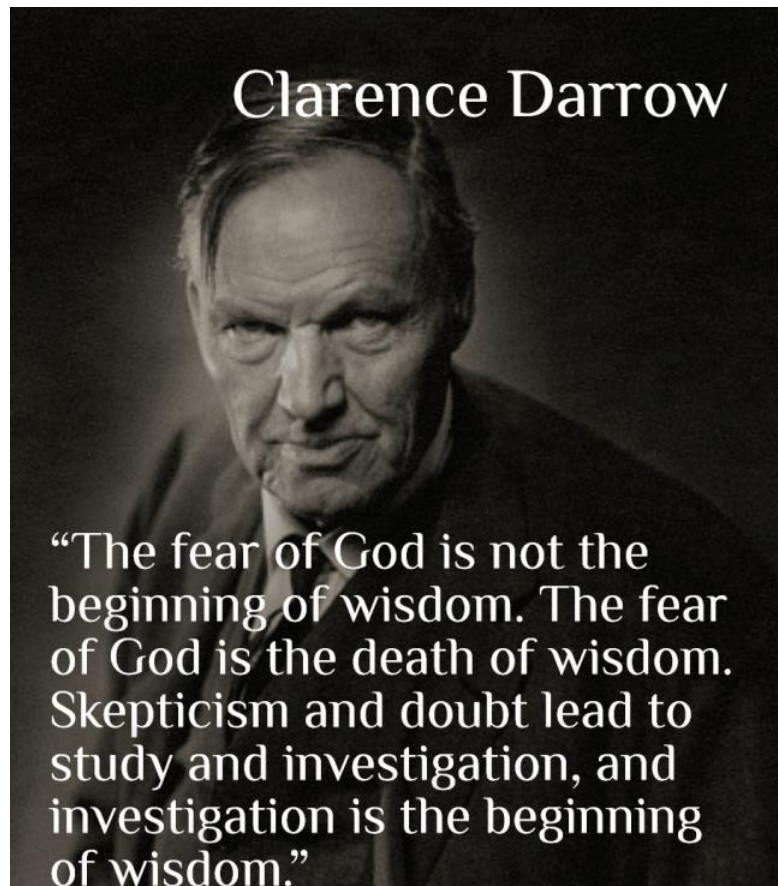
... we knew that things could exist as matter but be invisible, such as air.

... we had considered how to build a robot.

... we had freethought.

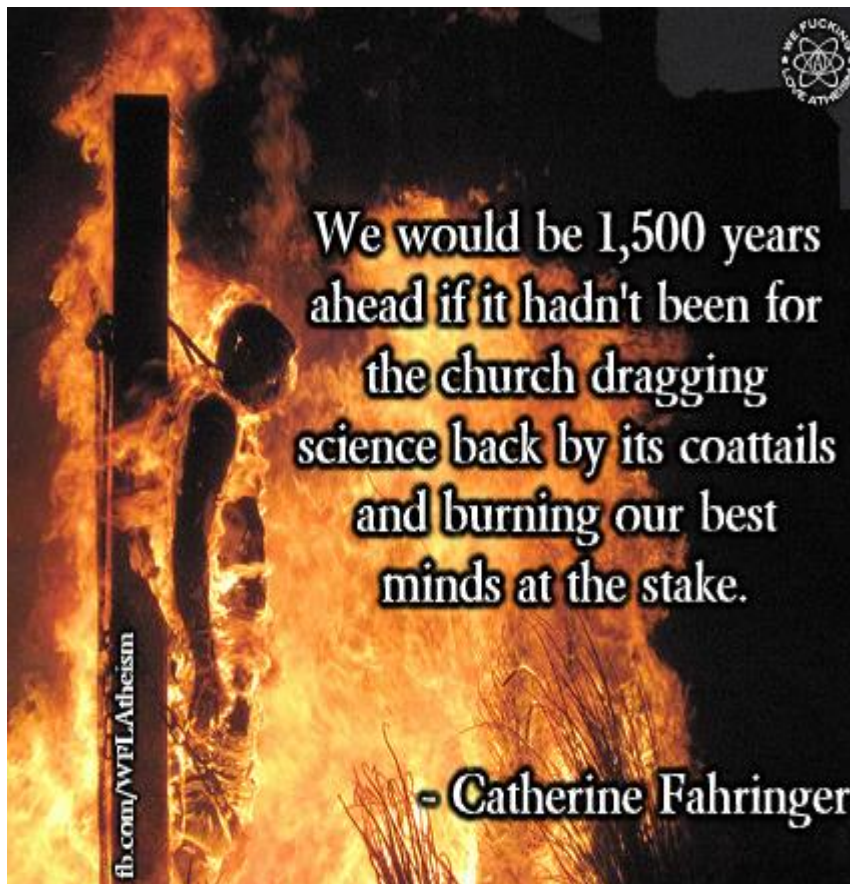
... we had contemplation of a natural world without regard for god myths.

... we knew about, and were using, the scientific method.



We were right. We didn't have all the specifics or the details worked out, but we were right. We had the starting points, we were on the right path.

What happened? Superstition, mysticism and ultimately religion, in pursuit of magic and societal power and control.



We lost in the order of 2000 years to this shit. We still haven't recovered. We're still struggling against modern-day Pythagoreans in a variety of flavors of science-denial and science-misrepresentation.

I knew that we'd figured out a few things, such as Eratosthenes calculating the circumference of the Earth, but I

had no idea how advanced this thinking had really been. We didn't just lose it, we went *backwards*.

How absurd that we got the right answers, then succumbed to magic and delusion and tossed them away?

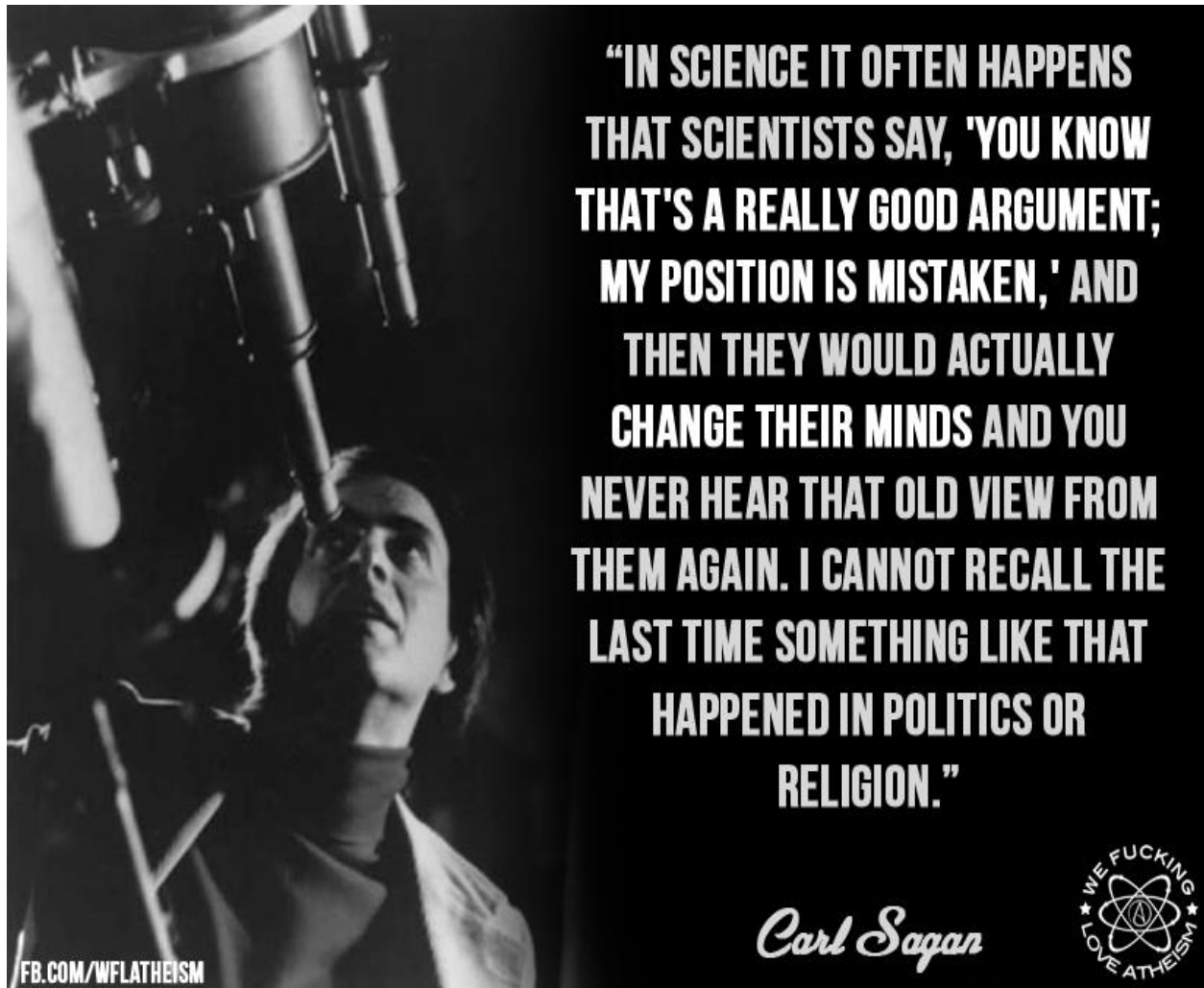
Believers like to pretend that "religion invented science." No, it didn't. Scientists invented science. Then science was squashed by primitive magical thinking, and millennia later, religion pretended to invent science again.

Where would we be, and how much death and suffering would have been avoided – due to both the benefit of a long scientific tradition, and bypassing history's barbarous tradition of superstition – if this bullshit had not taken hold?

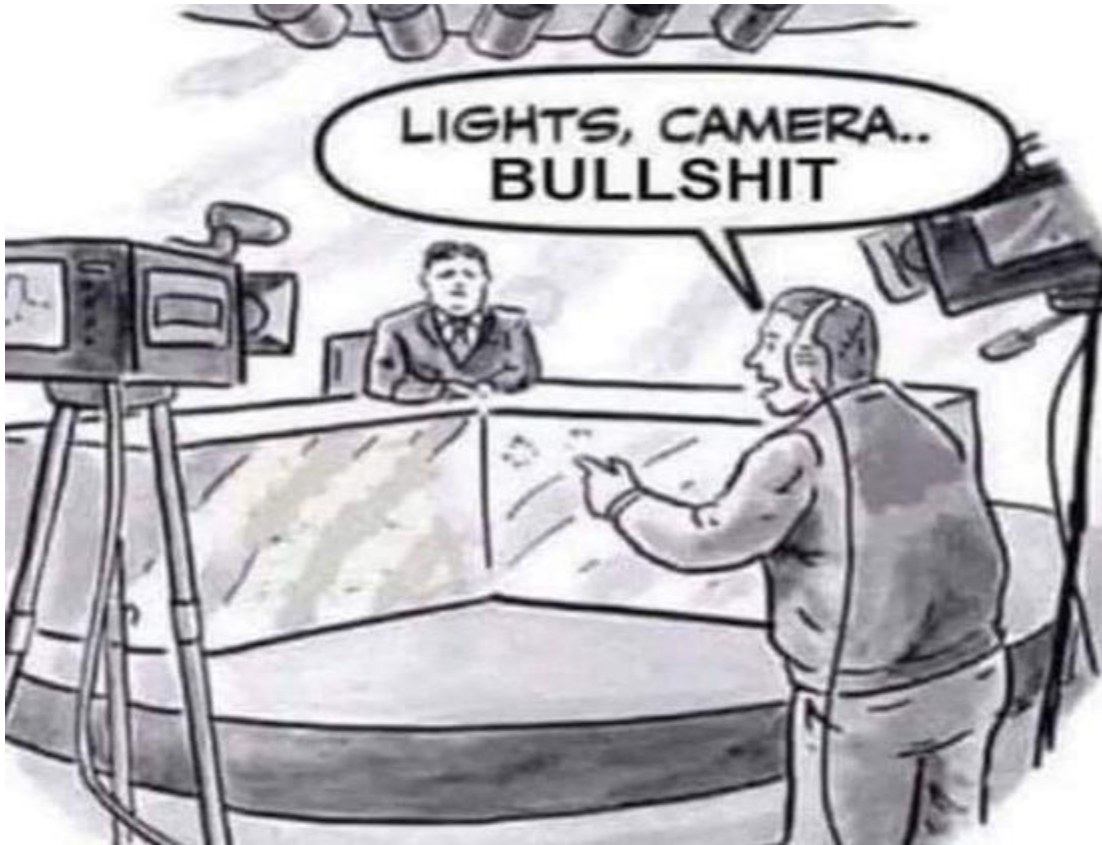
Penn Jillette is quoted as saying:

"If every trace of any single religion were wiped out and nothing were passed on, it would never be created exactly that way again. There might be some other nonsense in its place, but not that exact nonsense.

If all of science were wiped out, it would still be true, and someone would find a way to figure it all out again."



We know this because we've already done this.



PSYCHOLOGICAL DIMENSION OF NETWORK NEWS By Bert Mautz

Recently a red SUV was driven through a Wisconsin city's Christmas parade. Video of the horror/catastrophe was made public after a fore warning of footage being difficult to watch, on major television media. The statistics are grim indeed; five deaths and four injuries. Viewing several of these "reports" revealed considerable conjecturing on the likelihood of terrorism; be it foreign or domestic and then dismissing authorities' conjecture that no terror threats, or relationship to the Rittenhouse murder trial existed.

A suspect was being detained, however no charges, nor motivation are, as yet, determined. The matter of motivation interests me. Have begun to understand that intent, or reason for committing a murder, ranging from accidental discharge to felony homicide can determine the degree of penalty sought.

Apparently a code of journalism exists where conjecture of various kinds terrorism as a motivator may be wondered aloud at, but no mention is ever made about psychological, or mental health as key to motivation are discussed. The fellow driving his SUV, killing and injuring adults and children was functioning on some kind of political justification, or was it intoxication, overdose, or madness?

Why do millions of Americans find it necessary, or simply satisfying to carry a pistol, visible, or hidden? The NRA likes their phrase, "The answer to a bad man with a gun, is a good man with a gun." Not a statistically justified conclusion, however, personally am acquainted with several gun owners who are also daily gun carriers for whom their pistol bolsters their manhood, self-importance (*Testosterone Deficit Disorder – TDD*), and coincidentally their safety.

"My gun is bigger than your gun!"



"Here's your problem—it looks like you're paying attention to what's going on."



15 ways toxic religion does damage in our world:

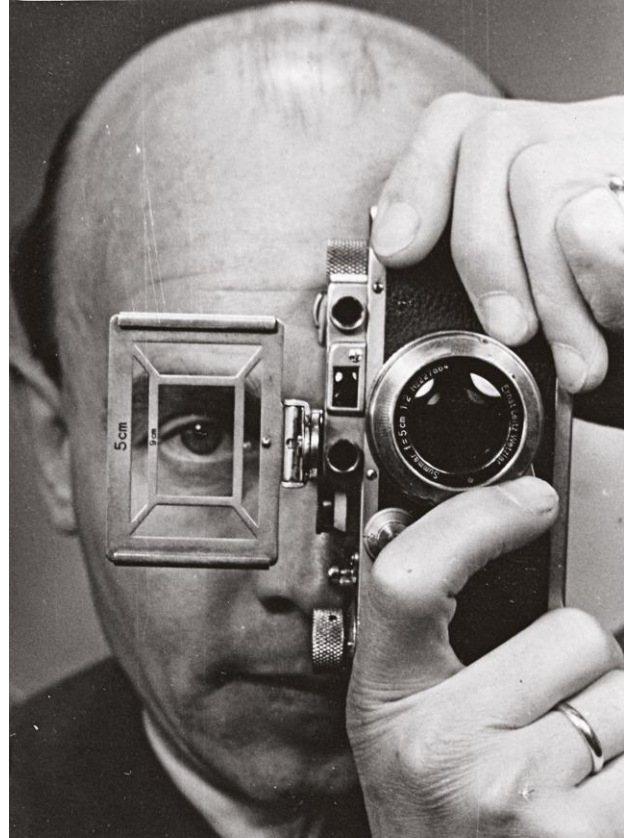
1. The hypocrisy of claiming to know God but demeaning people.
2. Disparaging practitioners of other faiths as a sign of devotion to yours.
3. Casting judgment upon others while giving yourself a pass.
4. Dividing the world up into “us” and “them”.
5. Fostering fear of God.
6. Telling people they are inherently bad.
7. Repressing individuality and demanding conformity.
8. Casting disapproval on those who question.
9. Perpetuating a superiority class structure of “clergy” and “laity”.
10. A performance-based system of earning God’s love and approval.
11. Assigning maleness to God and esteeming men over women.
12. Allowing differences of beliefs to prevent working alongside others to alleviate suffering in our world.
13. Praying for divine intervention without taking direct action.
14. Claiming a close relationship with God while perpetuating discord and hostility in human relationships.
15. Using religious beliefs to rationalize or justify hate, violence, injustice, oppression, discord, the affliction of human or planetary suffering.

Jim Palmer

There Was No Mental Suffering At The Beginning

By Yashi Nozawa

About ten years ago, I wrote an essay titled, "There is no suffering at the beginning." At that time, I mistakenly understood that the word "suffering" indicates only mental pain and excludes physical pain. Because of the misunderstanding, I received several complaints saying animals also experience physical suffering, namely pain. Today's essay is a corrected version of the original one with a new title.



In legal practice of personal injury cases, the phrase "Pain and suffering" includes physical pain and physical suffering and mental pain and mental suffering. My original thesis was that only human beings experience mental suffering, and no other animals do. I understand that humans and animals will experience physical pain because physical pain is based on physiological origin. But mental suffering/pain is generated in the brain. Only human beings have well-developed, intelligent, and sophisticated brains, which can create the feeling of suffering.

It seems that one of the problems of the phrase "mental pain and suffering" is semantic. According to a legal expert, "Mental pain and suffering" is a byproduct of an event such as physical injury, a disease, or experience of natural disasters. Mental pain and suffering include mental anguish, emotional

distress, fear, anger, humiliation, anxiety, and shock. It is any negative emotion caused to a victim by a natural or man-made event.

At this point, I realized that pain and suffering are subjective sensations, and another person can never know the sufferer's true feelings. Legal professionals are trying to quantify these subjective perceptions. The effort is admirable, but the accuracy of the result is questionable. In other words, it is a mistake to use the legal definition of pain and suffering to my purpose. I should prioritize the subjective nature of pain and suffering over the legalized quantitative description. What does the subjective nature mean? Only the person who is experiencing it can know the actual intensity of pain or suffering.

Nowadays, health care people routinely ask a patient, "How bad is your pain; on a scale of zero to ten with zero for no pain and ten for unbearable?" When the patient replies, "It is five." you are not sure that his five is better or worse than your four. However, if the same patient said, "It is four." five minutes ago you know that he or she is experiencing increasing pain.

Another example: When you see a person in a wheelchair without both legs, you assume that the person is suffering with his physical disability. It turned out that the person in the wheelchair was a champion of



Paralympics basketball. He was not only satisfied with his life, but also, he was proud and enjoying his status and accomplishment.

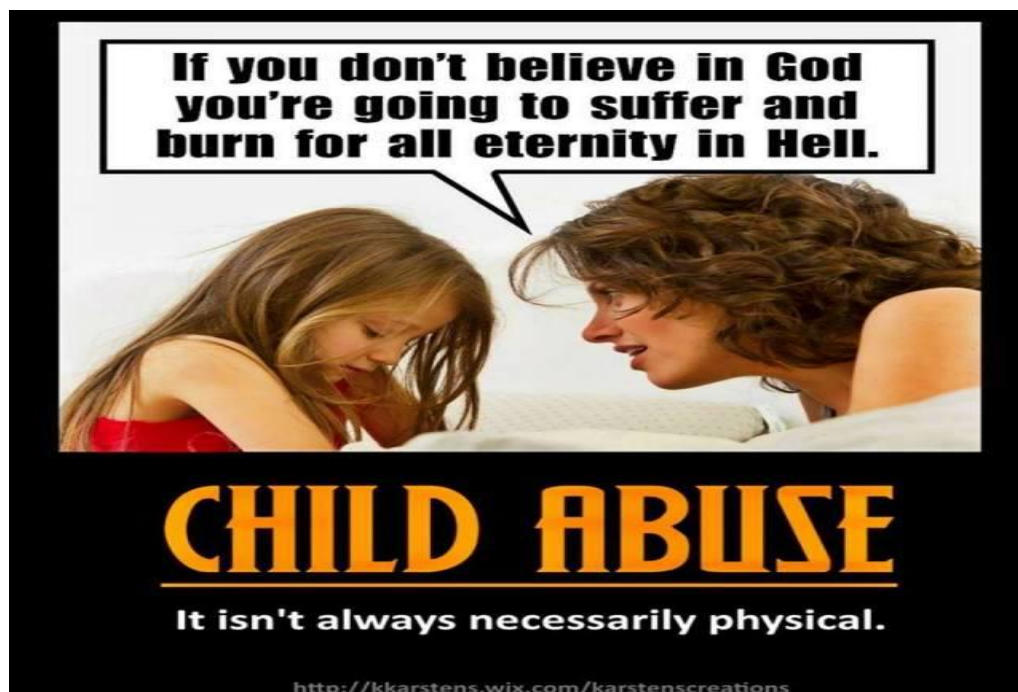
Let us think about animals. Do you believe that animals suffer mental suffering or physical pain? Probably a majority of readers will say, "Yes, animals do experience physical pain, but maybe or maybe not feel mental suffering." Here is a big difference in thinking.

I dare to say that animals do not suffer mental suffering; because "mental suffering" is a subjective concept, and animals do not have the capability of an abstract idea, like a concept. You believe that animals feel pain, and I agree with the statement. But you and I are guessing how they feel. Only the animals themselves know the feeling of pain. You and I imagine from observation of their behaviors and assuming they also have the same feelings as us. Animals do feel pain; they have fear and death, like us. But they accept these – pain, death, and other troubles – as part of nature's law.

"Suffering" is a subjective interpretation or perception of life's troubles, not the experience of the troubles themselves. The idea that suffering is a subjective perception is difficult to understand, so I will try to explain it in detail.

One of the proofs of the idea comes from ethnological studies of present-day hunter-gatherer societies. They do not have the concept of suffering. In their estimate, they are happy and trouble-free people. We think they live under miserable conditions, with no houses, no electricity, no flushing toilets, etc. Contrary to our belief, they feel happy as they are. Most present-day hunter-gatherers refuse to change their lifestyle to a modern way, even with governmental encouragement and support of new housing, financial aid, etc.

The other proof comes from neuroscience. Suffering is an active conscious perception concerning the self. Yes, you can feel the suffering of other persons or animals. Still, you must have the capability to handle suffering of your own to understand the suffering of others. A syndrome called "contra-lateral neglect" results from damage to the right posterior parietal cortex, part of the neocortex. The patient suffering from this condition ignores or denies the left side of his own body and also the left half of the world. The left half of the body is usually paralyzed but the patient completely denies the paralysis because he doesn't think it is part of his body. The most interesting part of the patient's attitude is that he also does not recognize the paralysis of other patients with the same condition. It is apparent that to understand the situation of the other, you must be capable of feeling the same experience yourself. This is the reason you can recognize the suffering of animals, regardless of whether the animals themselves have the experience of suffering or not. The concept of "suffering" is a human construct, just like "gods" and "religions."



How did we start to have suffering? Through the combined effects of our advanced brain and the invention of agriculture.

First, the neocortex is necessary because suffering is subjective, and subjective feelings are generated in the neocortex. All mammals have a neocortex. To produce suffering, we also need a language, which can handle an abstract idea such as suffering. Having both neocortex and language capability does not create the feeling of suffering automatically. There is the additional requirement of the practice of agriculture. The relationship between suffering and agriculture is not apparent, and some explanation is in order.



Natural disasters, death, sickness, and other troubles have existed from the beginning of life on earth as parts of nature. All animals, including early humans, accepted these events as part of nature's law and believed that there was nothing they could do to change it. The invention of agriculture changed everything. At first, people did not realize how big a step had been taken. The domestication of plants and animals were modifications of the laws of nature! They discovered other ways of modifying nature, such as moving earth to build large hills, leaving the archeological



remains we see today as proof. They made rivers to use as irrigation canals. People had discovered their unique capability of improving their living conditions by changing the laws of nature with learned methods.

The discovery that nature could be changed made people start looking at almost everything in nature from a new point of view. What is the cause of an event? How did it happen? Can we prevent or invoke a recurrence? How can we rectify the result? This thinking encouraged people to become curious. Animals have curiosity, too. But the animals' curiosity is casual and without

serious intention. In the case of human beings, their curiosity often escalated to a serious effort to find the event's cause. Once the cause is correctly identified, then modification or even prevention of the event becomes a real possibility. This earnest effort to find causality helped the advancement of human knowledge. People started to regard all life's inconveniences as solvable problems instead of unchangeable acts of nature. They called these inconvenient events "suffering."

While humans were hunter-gatherers, they thought of natural events such as earthquakes, floods, droughts, and volcanic eruptions as part of nature and accepted them without a fuss. In an agricultural society, the impact of nature is vast. A flood may wash away a whole life's worth of possessions, kill people and their livestock and ruin a year's worth of food supply. Similarly, drought can destroy all crop plants and endanger the survival of the entire community. In agricultural societies, infectious diseases become more common because of larger groups of people living closer. Without the law of nature changing a bit, people in agrarian communities changed their interpretation of the same natural events and called them "suffering." Suffering, then, is an indirect result of our desire to improve our lifestyle.

Humans have been trying to achieve relief from suffering ever since the invention of agriculture. Selected intelligent people such as shamans, medicine men, priests, and chieftains actively tried to find solutions to every trouble they faced. They consulted elders and even deceased ancestors for their wisdom. They followed the advice of spirits and gods. Sometimes they successfully identified correct causes and solved a problem; sometimes, they failed. However, any successes meant the promotion of the reputation of these people. So they would try harder to solve other problems, too. Once they found a solution, it was transmitted to the next generation via the use of languages. Collectively, humans accumulated their knowledge about nature and improved their living standards continuously. Unfortunately, these improvements were often limited to agricultural societies. As previously mentioned, hunter-gatherer

societies have no suffering, so they feel no need for improvement.

Despite the concentrated efforts in every agrarian society to find a solution to every example of suffering, most persisted. These failures stimulated the emergence of organized religion. Different religions provided different answers, or more likely explanations, for the causes of suffering and possible remedies. Many religions appeared and disappeared because none of them produced straightforward immediate solutions. All religions presented their promises for future solutions with certain conditions attached. This stagnation in finding relief from suffering continues even today.

Examples of solutions proposed by existing religions are summarized below in the over-simplified form:



In Judaism, suffering is attributed to people's lifestyles. People have violated their covenant with their God, so God is punishing them. If people strictly follow the rules laid down by God, then the Messiah will emerge, and people will be relieved from all suffering.

In Christianity, the cause of suffering is the sins of humans. Not only are all sinful acts committed by all currently living humans included, but also original sin, with which living humans have nothing to do. Our ancestors, the original human pair, Adam and Eve, committed the original sin. So, we are paying for their sin, too. If people follow the guidance of God and live a sin-free

life or an atoned life, then God will save them while they are living in this world or send their souls to heaven after their death, depending on different sects.



I don't have enough knowledge to say too much about Islam, but Islamists also believe in a God similar to that of Judaism and Christianity. However, the God of Islam requests a

much stronger commitment to Allah than Judaism and Christianity demands of their believers.

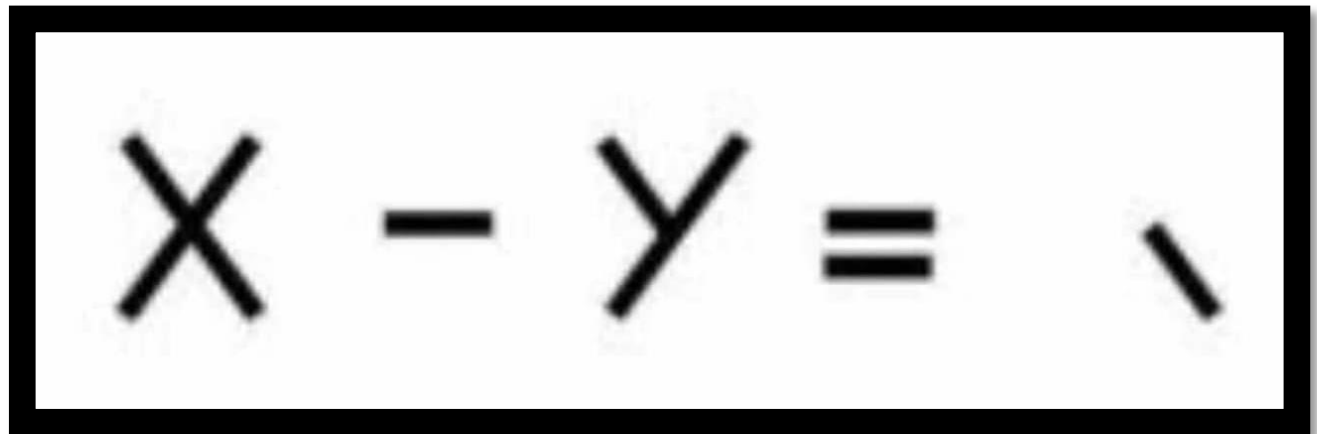


Common to these three Abrahamic religions is a type of God's punishment. God demands communal responsibility of residents of a community where a sinner lives. So God will punish many innocent people because they live in the same community as the sinner.

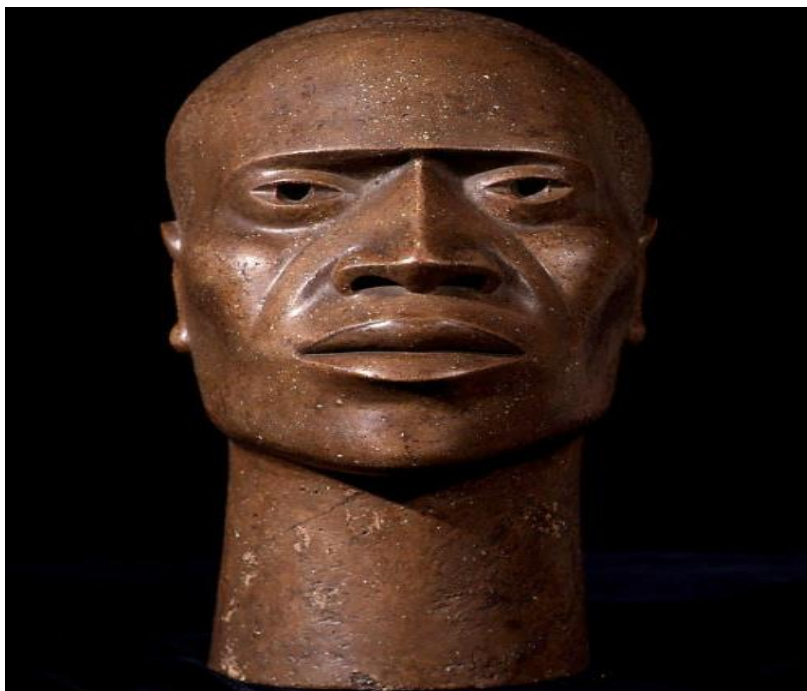
By the way, God's communal punishment can explain the reason for the existence of many homophobic people. With conventional wisdom, the presence of homosexual people should not affect other people's lives, especially in a free country like the U.S. However, if you are faithful believers of God, you will be afraid of God's communal punishment. The existence of even a single homosexual person may cause God's anger, and He could destroy the whole community. So the homophobic people try to eliminate homosexual people from their community by attacking them.

In Buddhism, suffering is considered to be the result of human physical and mental desires or longing. If you abandon all

desire, you will be free from suffering. This original teaching is thought to be too strict, and not too many wanted to follow this doctrine. Many different priests have created their sects and promoted a more straightforward implementation of the principle. Under these modified doctrines, if people live their lives according to the teaching, they will go to paradise or heaven after death.



For me, the most fantastic part of the whole story of suffering is that people still believe in religions after a few thousand years of empty and non-provable vague promises of future rewards, including an afterlife. In my personal opinion, modern science and political movements have contributed more than any religion to relief from suffering.





The 17 Rules Of Writing

1. Great writing involves great risk—the risk of terrible writing. Writing that involves no risk is merely forgettable—utterly.

2. When you fail—and you will totally fucking fail—don't fail to learn. Then you can't really fail at all. That's the best way to approach writing...and life.

3. Follow the three Rs: 1. Read 2. Revise 3. Routine.

4. Remember that being unknown is sometimes a wonderful stroke of luck.

5. Learn grammar rules so you know how to break them properly. This also goes for rules of craft and process. Actually, this goes for the rules of life too.

6. Don't let a little problem like having to rewrite an entire story from scratch destroy your motivation. (Seriously, you were pretty much going to have to do it anyway.)

*7. When you realize you've made a mistake, don't panic. You can go back and fix it in the next draft. Would that life were like writing in **this** way.*

8. Spend some time completely alone every day. Turn off Facebook. Put down your phone. Your quiet thoughts are your most powerful creative wellspring. Hear them.

9. Open your arms to criticism, but don't let go of your confidence in the process. This may mean having to fashion your confidence into a cloak or capri pants.

10. Remember that it is only in your silence that others will tell you their stories. Listen. You'll be surprised what others will tell you about their lives when you stop telling them about their lives.

11. Write with all your heart. Every time.

12. In disagreements with the page, deal only with the sentence in front of you. Don't fret about the huge changes you'll have to make to the next draft and how much work is yet to come and how the task is huge and overwhelming. Just the one sentence. Just the next right thing.

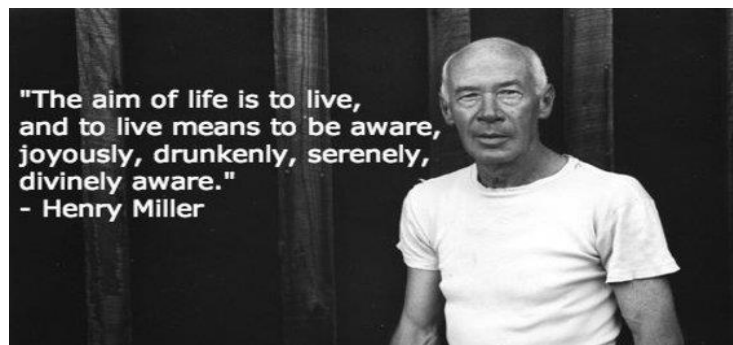
13. Share your knowledge. Teaching others to write is the single best way to learn. And it's good for the soul and shit.

14. Be gentle. Be kind. (Unless you have a safe word.)

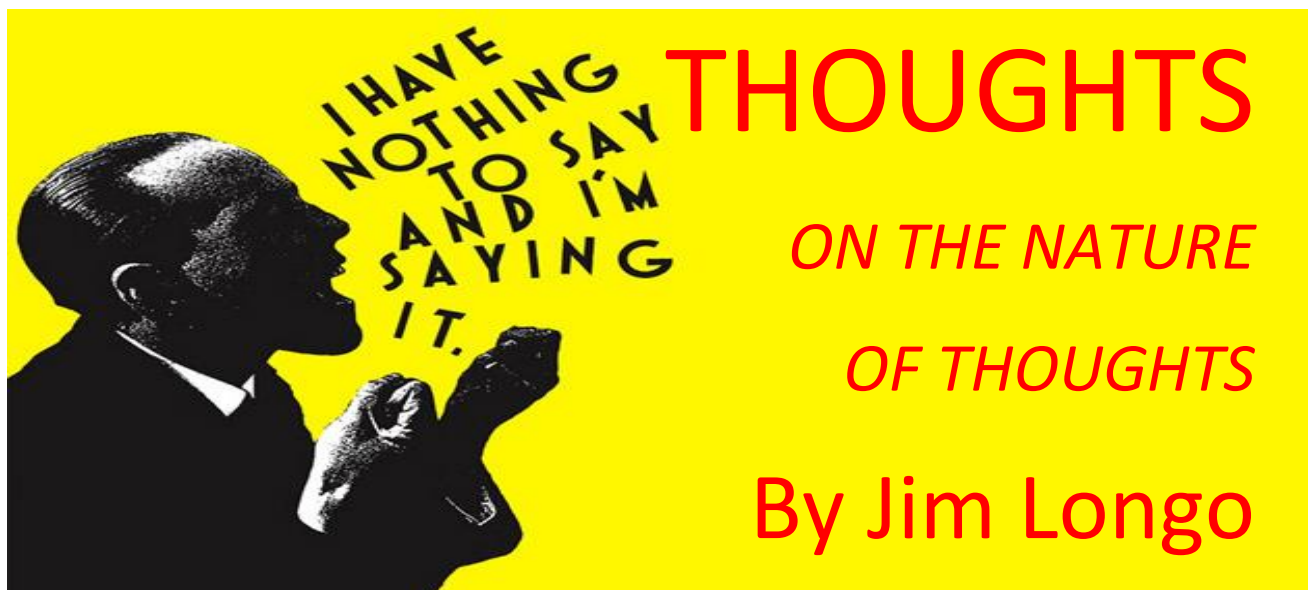
15. It's okay to keep a few irons in the fire—you don't have to work on one thing at a time—but never abandon something you're working on to do another project. It will become habit faster than you realize. You'll never get anything finished that way. Finish your shit.

16. Remember that the best relationship with writing is as an activity you love. Money, fame, fans will never fulfill you the way the writing itself will. Ever.

17. Judge your success only against yourself from yesterday. Any other yardstick will only harm your soul.



In the interest of full disclosure this is heavily influenced by the 18 Rules of Living found in The Art of Happiness by the Dali Lama. I've changed all of them (most of them substantially), but if they strike you as familiar, that might be why.



"How do you explain the unexplainable?" Jack asked staring at his computer with a cup of coffee in his hand.

"I guess you use math, that way it is only explainable to the math literate," Jill said with a smirk entering the room heading straight for the coffee machine.

"Or in other words still unexplainable," Jack said with a smirk.

"What is so damn unexplainable?" Jill said, filling the cup with coffee checking the water.

"If it was explainable, don't you think I already would have explained it?"

Jill just shook her head, "Sometimes if you were any more frustrating, you'd be constipation."

"Well that pretty sums up where I am at. I'm willing to tell you, I'm wanting to tell you, I'm waiting to tell you, but I just can't figure out how to tell you.



"Who knew the rectum and the brain could have the same problem? She said as she pushed the button to make a cup.

"Are you calling me a butthead?"

"I would never call you that, I might think it, but I'd never call you that," Jill said with a wink.

"Ha-ha, maybe it is not unexplainable, maybe it is just an idea that isn't properly

flushed out."

"Ha-ha, let's just keep with the thought as crap metaphor going, what is this crap you're thinking?"

"Oh, my little enema bag, it is about thought itself," Jack said.

"Oh, my little butthead, what about this thought?"

"You said you'd never call me that," Jack said sounding indignant.

"You just called me an enema bag," Jill said sounding even more indignant. Taking her coffee and heading to her computer.

"Sorry, my bad," Jack apologized.

"What about thought?"

"You know how each of us has a continual monolog going on in the back of our brain."

"The Eastern philosophers call that the monkey mind," Jill said rubbing the mouse around to bring her computer out of sleep mode.

"And in the West sanity is determined by who you think that voice is, if you think it is you, you're okay, if you think that voice is someone else, you're schizophrenic."

"Is that your thought? Is that it?" Taking her first sip of coffee.

"No, no, no, I use a technique to keep negative thoughts away, and believe me I have a boat load more negative thoughts than positive ones. I ask myself if that is *a useful thought*, and if I determine it isn't, I try to banish it from my mind."

"So."

"The thought that popped into my head; if all these thoughts are useless, what is a useful thought?"

"And what was your answer?"

"Hell if I know?"

"Come on you must have some inkling what a useful thought is?"

"Only thing I could think of is gratitude, but that's so cliché," Jack said with a crinkled-up nose.

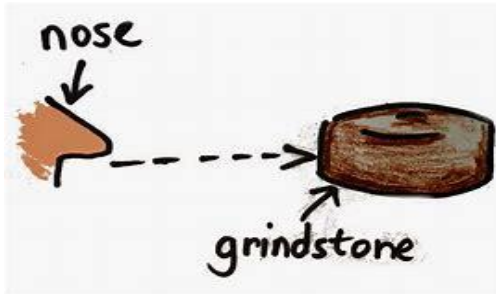
"Is that it?"

"No, I think it is about thought thievery?"

"What is that?"

"I noticed that since going back to work, I never realized how much time and thought goes into employment."

"Yeah, so what?" Jill said, taking a big pull of her coffee staring at her news feed.



"You get up, you get ready for work, you're already thinking about it. You make your lunch. You're thinking about it. You commute, you're thinking about it, of course while you are there, you are thinking about it. You commute back home; you're

mulling your workday over. You get home you are so tired; you don't want to think about anything. So you have dinner, sit in front of the idiot box and fall asleep, and what do you do while you are sleeping? You dream about work! That doesn't include e-mails or texts and phone calls while you are home from work."

"So, what is your point?"

"For starters, are these thoughts useful? You could make a case either way. Second, job really does stand for journey of bondage when you include all the incidental thoughts about work and the time it takes up. Third, how much mental energy is given away free to employers. Never mind going in early and staying late. Just thinking how much of your time is spent making their business better. Maybe, Marx was wrong. The opiate of masses it isn't religion, it's employment."

"So, what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know maybe I should banish work thought like self-harm thoughts, they might be similar. Think about how much thought I gave employers over a forty-year career. What would I have been thinking about instead? Maybe it would have been incredibly useful. Maybe that is why only the elite truly create."

Jill looked at the corner of her computer screen, "Shit I got to go to work."

"Me too," and they both picked up their coffees and headed up the stairs to start their day.



THE WAY WE WERE

My Bovine Midwifery

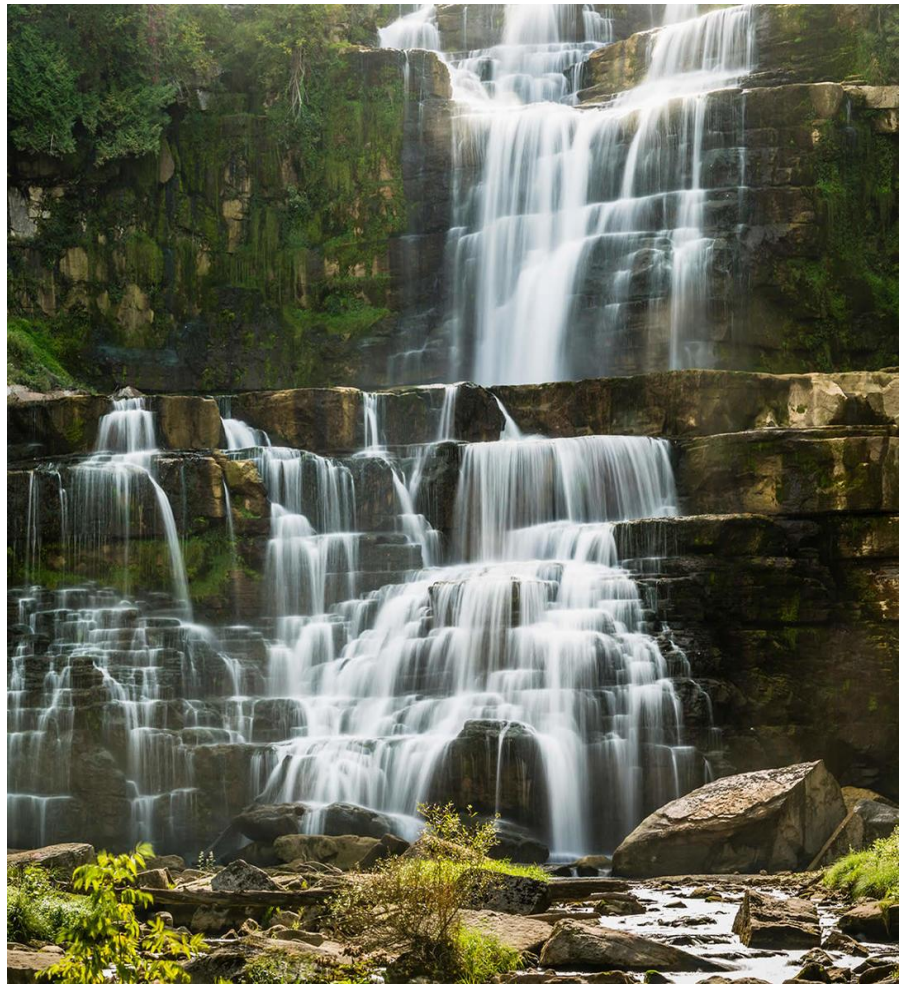
By Ed Zillioux



I had just entered my sophomore year in high school when the firm my father worked for moved away from its origin in Clinton, N.Y. to Manlius, N.Y., a small industrial town near Syracuse. My father, a tool and die maker, was asked to come with them to head up their tool and dye department. So, we had to move.

It worked out to be good for me. We decided to settle in or near to Cazenovia, a beautiful little town on a lake about ten miles south of Manlius. This is where I would attend high school and it was the center of my social life for the next four years. In a very real sense, it was where I grew up. Homes in town were a bit pricy for us so we found a house about six miles north of town in a hamlet called Bingley. Bingley was located in farm country. It consisted of a cluster of four houses with a total population of 14, counting my mother, father and myself. My two older sisters had moved away by that time. Bingley was located along Chittenango Falls Road, only about a mile south of a spectacular fall and parallel to Chittenango Creek, which formed the outlet from Cazenovia Lake.

One of our neighbors, named Clyde, owned and operated a small dairy farm. He also maintained a little park that ran about a half mile along-side the creek, for which he charged a small admission fee for town people to enjoy a picnic in a peaceful setting. A couple times a week, one of my chores was to walk up the road with a



two-gallon covered milk pail to Clyde's milk house, which consisted of a little shed attached to the end of his barn that held

about twelve head of milking cows. Clyde liked me and often would let me come into his barn to help him with mucking out stalls or cleaning a cow's udder and teats before attaching the milking machine. Then we would go back to his milk house where he would fill my pail and I would pay him and go back home. Sometimes my mother would get a bit upset if I stayed too long with Clyde if it held up dinner time, but that never lasted long.

One time when I went to get milk, Clyde was not in the milk house, so I stuck my head into the barn and called. Clyde answered, "Boy, I'm glad you showed up. I need some help here."

I sensed some urgency in his voice, so I asked what was happening. He said, "You know that young heifer in the fourth stall? She's calving for the first time and it's not going well. She's been having contractions since early afternoon and her water broke about two hours ago. Come on over here."

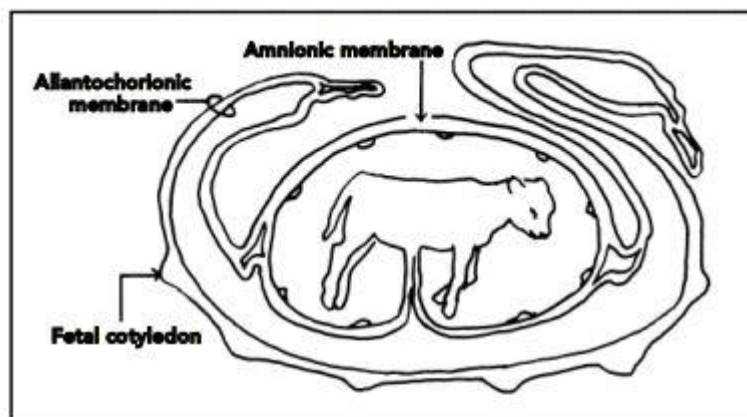


Figure 3. A young calf enclosed in the complete fetal membranes. Note the amnion immediately surrounding the calf and the allanto-chorion which covers the amnion and extends throughout both horns of the uterus. Spots on the surface of the allanto-chorion are villi of the fetal cotyledons which pull away from the maternal caruncles when the fetus is removed from the uterus.

He continued, "You see how she's humpin' up her back and pushing? The calf's feet are out but its head can't push through her vulva. She's having uterine contractions every couple minutes, if we can pull those feet at the same time she's having contractions we might be able to move the calf along."

"How do you know the calf is still alive?"

"Good question. Look here." He pinched the membrane between the toes and the leg jerked back. "That's how," he said simply. "But we have to lend a hand or we won't have a live calf. Grab this leg up above the ankle and when I tell you, pull hard and steady in a downward direction. Now!... That's it. Remember we're letting the heifer tell us when to pull."

So every time the heifer contracted, we pulled until I felt a bump. "Something just happened," I said.

"Yeah, I'd say that was the calf's hip just clearing the pelvic girdle. Shouldn't be much longer now."

Indeed, it wasn't. On the next pull the calf's head cleared the vulva. Clyde was ready for this with a bucket of water he splashed over its face while reached into its nostrils to clear out the mucus. After two more contractions and coordinated pulls the calf was clear of the birth canal and into his arms. He carried the

new-born calf across the barn and laid it down on clean hay he had prepared in what he called the maternity stall. Then he released the heifer from its stocks and brought her to her calf, which she immediately began licking and cleaning.

"Wow, that was great. Thanks for letting me help. Will they just stay together now?"

"Yep. They'll stay there for a couple days. The heifer still needs to discharge some more membranes and the placenta. That sometime takes a few hours, but our work is done. Thanks for your help. Now let me fill your milk pail so you can get back home. Your mama's gonna be getting' anxious. Give her back her money – there's no charge for the milk."

And then... I finished high school, survived the Navy, got married, had 3 kids, divorced, graduated again, married again, and moved to Manassas where one bright and sunny day #2 and I were driving across the Virginia countryside. We were on a hunt for old bottles when I abruptly pulled over and stopped the car in the middle of broad pasture lands.

"Why are you stopping?" queried #2, "There's no middens here."

"Look across this field," I said. A bit over fifty yards away was a cow lying on its side with a farmer on the ground beside it. "I think... yeah, that guy needs some help." I jumped out of the car, leaving #2 wide-eyed and gaping, spread the barbed wire fence enough to slip through, and ran down the slope to where the farmer was on his knees behind his cow.

"Looks like you could use a hand,"

"I sure can... ever done this before?"



"Sure have," I answered, not telling him it was some thirty years before.

"She has calved twice before, but this time she needs help. I found her here almost an hour ago and the calf's feet were already visible and the sac already expelled."

"Is she still contracting?"

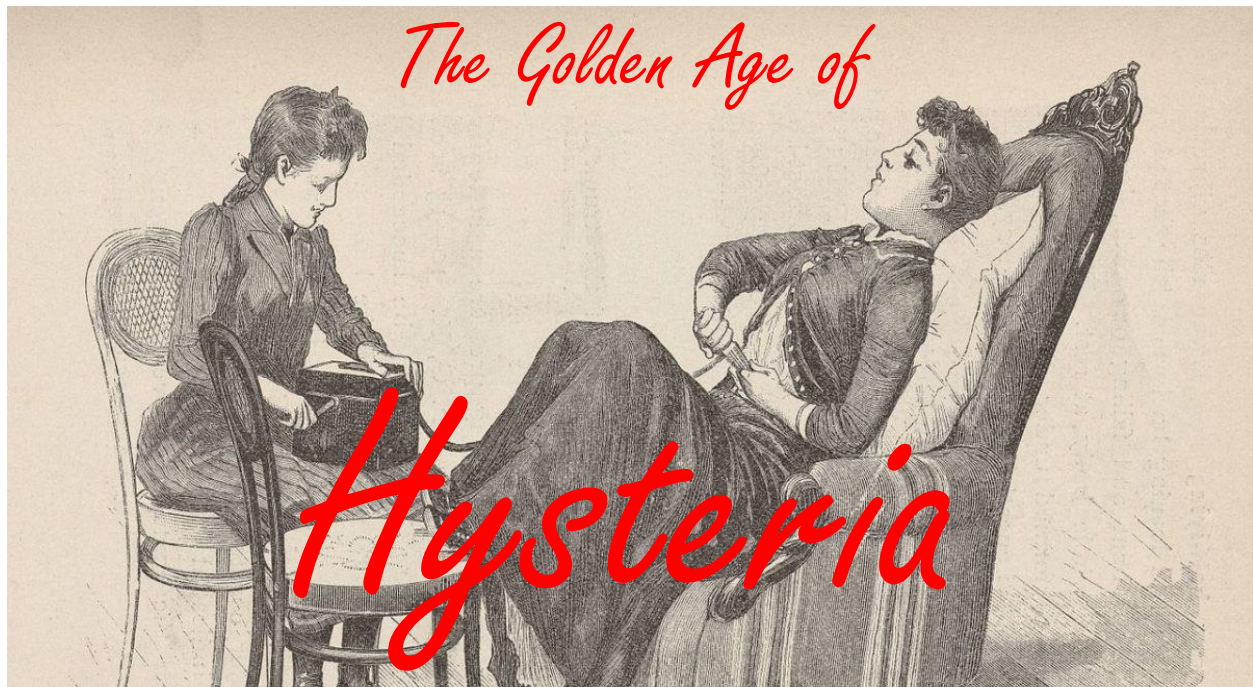
"No. I started pulling just as you came but it's gonna take more strength than I can muster. I didn't come prepared for this or I would have grabbed my obstetrical chains. No time now for 'what ifs.' If you would grab one leg, I'll grab the other and we'll pull together on count of five. How experienced are you?"

"Not enough to call the shots. I'll just follow your lead."



"OK. I'm guessing we may have about a half hour before the calf suffocates so let's go. Ready - Pull! 1-2-3-4-5 Pull...."

We were lucky. It took only about ten minutes before the calf's head finally passed the poorly dilated cervix, and then cleared the birth canal. In just a few more minutes we had a live birth, with the cow up and licking her new baby.



By Sci Babe

(Sweary Chemist with your Daily Moment of Science. Come for the science, stay for the dirty jokes.)

We've done a lot of silly, abusive, and utterly dangerous things in medicine. To be fair, most of the terrible things we've done were our best attempt with what we knew at the time to make the human condition a bit more tolerable.

So you gotta hand it to those doctors who tried to cheer women up by giving them vibrators. Or was that another rumor I learned from Disney movies?

Today's Moment of Science.... HYSTERIA!

The smartest minds in history have believed all sorts of dumbass things about uteruses. It's more understandable back when medicine was working with humors, bloodletting, and assloads of guesswork. Hippocrates proposed that women were

“physiologically cold and wet.” This was in contrast to men who were warm and dry, naturally. So he suggested female humors were far more prone to rotting.

The cure? Sex. The symptoms were caused by the uterus wandering around the body because it’s in a goddamn mood from a lack of essential vitamin dick. Hippocrates alleged the uterus would produce toxic fumes if you weren’t having sex, which must have been a banger of a clinical trial.

Aromatherapy was regularly attempted as a treatment. Put something that smells bad near the mouth, something that smells good near the hoo-hah, sneeze, and presto, that womb will fix itself right up.



Though often attributed to Hippocrates, the word hysteria doesn't appear in ancient Greek. The term 'wandering uterus' was generally used until the late 1700s until 'hysteria' was first documented. It could cover a wide range of symptoms, both physical and mental. Anxiety, appetite loss, irritability, insomnia, and fainting could be cause for a hysteria diagnosis. Need to loosen up and bang? Hysteria. Like banging a little too much? Absofuckinglutely hysteria. Don't worry, there are plenty of ways to vagina wrong.

I know you want to get to the part where a Victorian era doctor is jackhammering away at some nineteenth century clitoris with a steampunk vibrator, but the tale doesn't quite end that way.

The main source of this myth was the book *The Technology of Orgasm* from historian Rachel Maines. The story goes that doctors were treating hysteria by manual stimulation but, as happens to the best of us, their hands were getting cramped from all the medical grade finger blasting. Since they were using the device externally and thought women only got pleasure from penetration, those innocent Victorians didn't see it as sexual, it was just a medical treatment.

If there's evidence this happened, it's damn near non-existent.

There are no English sources talking about doctors using vibrators to bring patients to "hysterical paroxysms" i.e., orgasms. Furthermore, Maines sources from Latin and Greek are so poorly translated to the point of seeming deliberate. A medical text describing a lower back massage was translated to 'masturbation,' amongst other issues.

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was even recommended for perineum stimulation for male impotence. On the other hand, it was warned not to be used on the clitoris, because it was "liable to cause sexual excitement."

They knew what it did, and they knew it was sexual.

The most upsetting part of this is how readily the tale was embraced. It was somehow easier to believe that our great-great-grandmothers were cluelessly getting their clits buzzed to hell and back than to suggest, and hear me out now, the Victorians fucked.

Hysteria was removed for the second and final time in the publication of the DSM-III in 1980. There are better diagnostic tools now to recognize and differentiate a vast array of medical



problems that were previously lumped into one giant category of “your girl parts made you do it.” And if you’re feeling a bit hysterical after reading this and finding out this story isn’t true as you thought it was, I highly recommend... some self-care.

This has been your Moment of Science, never quite prepared for the stories that I find out aren’t true half-way through writing them.

To get the MOS delivered right to your inbox five days a week along with exclusive bonus perks like

the thrill of knowing you're paying for my sex toys, head to patreon.com/scibabe.

POETRY



I WANT TO BE CANCELLED

I think, if I were cancelled, it would be a lot of fun:
I'd write for The Spectator and The Telegraph and Sun.

I'd get a slot on GB News and maybe Fox News too.
Just think, if I were cancelled, of the things that I could do:

Joe Rogan would come calling for a guest slot on his show,
and Peterson would venerate my bravery and so

I'd tour around the world declaiming righteousness out loud
and say I'd been 'no platformed' to my vast, adoring crowd.

If only I were cancelled then I'd get a chance to bleat
in every major outlet for the corporate elite.

I'd pen a hardback book about the voice I'd been denied,
its pages would be laden with the truth they couldn't hide,

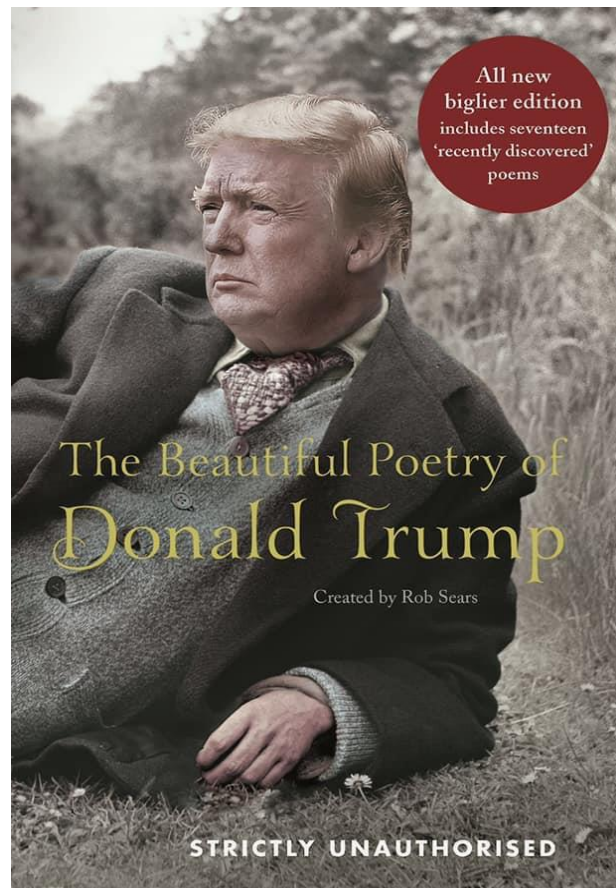
and everyone would read it and they'd know my bloody name,
for once I had been cancelled life would never be the same.

The snowflakes wouldn't like it but their impact's next to none;
I think, if I were cancelled, it would be a lot of fun.

@joshuaseigal

Who Knows the Wind

I never understood wind.
You know, I know
windmills very much.
I have studied it
better than anybody
else. It's very expensive.
They are made in China
and Germany mostly. —Very few made here, almost none,
but they are manufactured, tremendous
—if you are into this—
tremendous fumes. Gases are
spewing into the atmosphere. You know
we have a world
right?
So the world
is tiny
compared to the universe.
So tremendous, tremendous
amount of fumes and everything.
You talk about
the carbon footprint
— fumes are spewing into the air.
Right? Spewing.
Whether it's in China,
Germany, it's going into the air.
It's our air — their air
everything — right?
A windmill will kill many bald eagles.
After a certain number
they make you turn the windmill off.
That is true. —By the way
they make you turn it off.
And yet, if you killed one
they put you in jail.
That is OK.
You want to see a bird graveyard?
You just go.
Take a look.
A bird graveyard.
Go under a windmill someday,
you'll see
more birds
than you've ever seen
in your life.

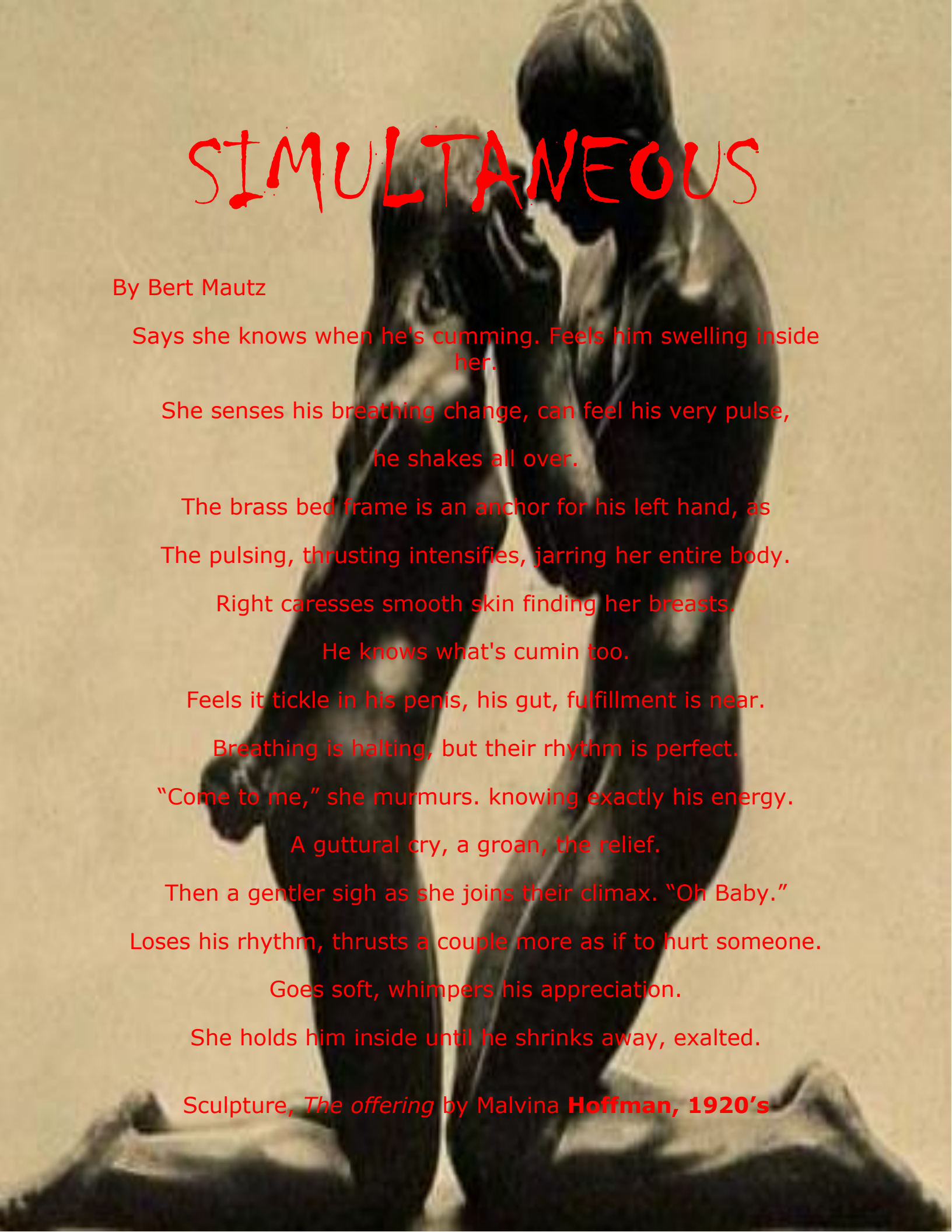


~ D.J. Trump 12/21/2019

Once I knew only darkness and stillness... my life was without past or future... but a little word from the fingers of another fell into my hand that clutched at emptiness, and my heart leaped to the rapture of living. "

- Helen Keller





SIMULTANEOUS

By Bert Mautz

Says she knows when he's cumming. Feels him swelling inside her.

She senses his breathing change, can feel his very pulse,
he shakes all over.

The brass bed frame is an anchor for his left hand, as
The pulsing, thrusting intensifies, jarring her entire body.

Right caresses smooth skin finding her breasts.

He knows what's cumin too.

Feels it tickle in his penis, his gut, fulfillment is near.

Breathing is halting, but their rhythm is perfect.

"Come to me," she murmurs. knowing exactly his energy.

A guttural cry, a groan, the relief.

Then a gentler sigh as she joins their climax. "Oh Baby."

Loses his rhythm, thrusts a couple more as if to hurt someone.

Goes soft, whimpers his appreciation.

She holds him inside until he shrinks away, exalted.

Sculpture, *The offering* by Malvina **Hoffman**, 1920's

*Sandra's
Thanksgiving
Orgy-Cake*

By Virgil Thorp

Not able to decide whether or not
to eat it or to f*rn*c*te with it.

The Chocolate cake with glazed Driscolls.

Instant s*n in one gl*nc*.

It sh*mmers with r*ch v*brations that affect
my t*st* buds.

My mouth juices over.

I dr**l over my soul.

I th*nk about wh*t I w*nt to con**me

Gr*phic p*rn*gr*ph*c images

Dr*p from the sweet str*wb*rry
to tr*ckl* down ch*c*l*te ic*ng.

I love buccal satisf*ct**n

Int*mate like c*nn*I*ng*s

To or*lly s*tisfy mys*lf ... or a w*m*n

Oh M*ry, it is s*ch a thrill to be th*r*

Betw**n sm**th th*ghs ... A t*ste

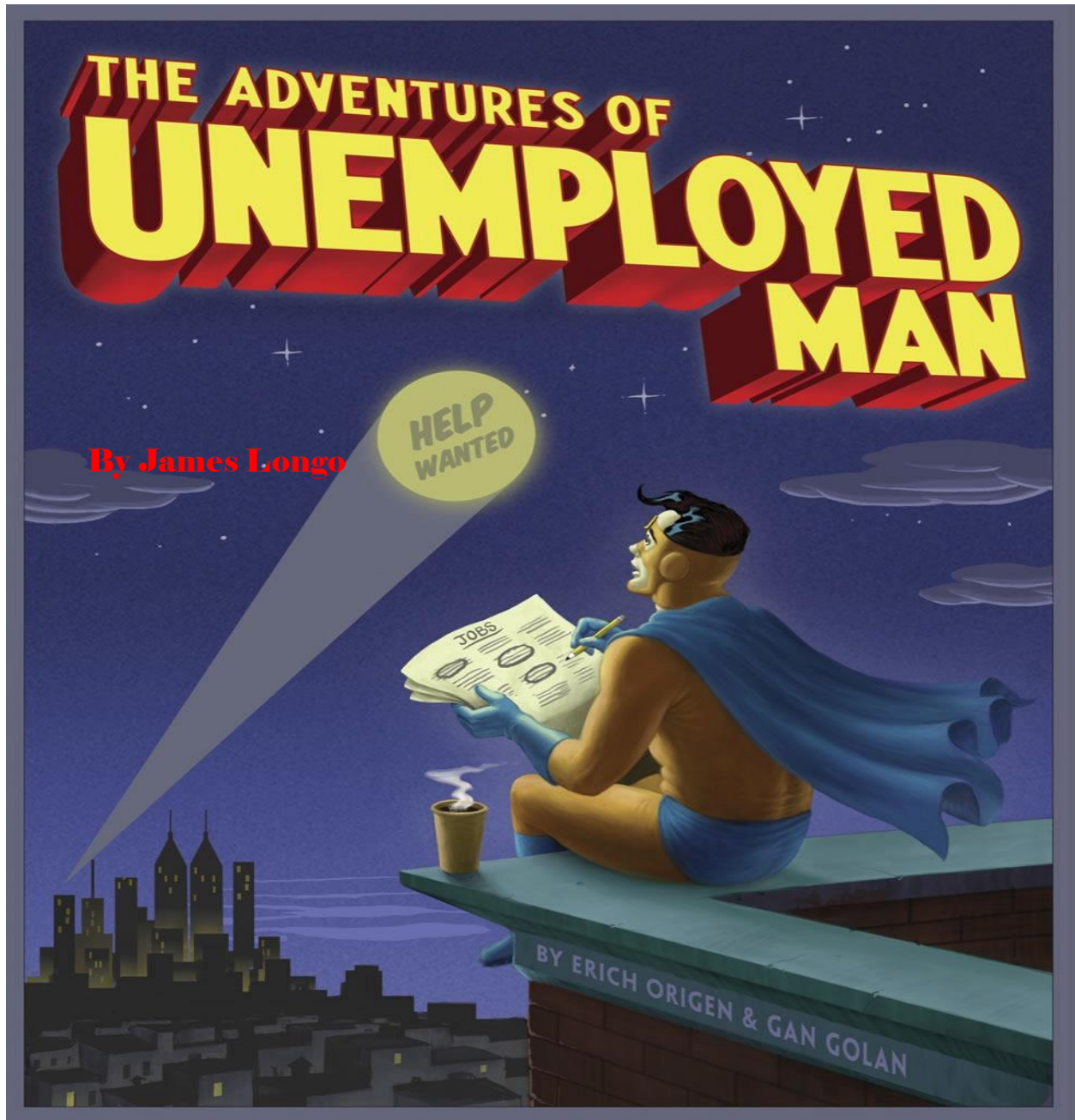
Op*ning with the r*ght comb*nat**n of l*ps and t*ng*e



“He began to slowly
unwrap her. Her mind.
Her heart. Her soul. He
hadn’t gotten to her
clothes yet. But she
knew he would.”

- Purely Sensual Visions

COMEDY CORNER



"So, what do you want to be when you grow up?" Jill asked Jack sitting at the dining table that doubled as Jill's office or at least that where she kept her computer, and papers.

"Fuck if I know. Why do I have to be anything?"

"Well you don't?"

"Hell, I don't even know what I am now. Am I unemployed, retired or retarded?"

"I think the later, but I know you better than most. You know you can't use the word retarded. The politically correct term is cognitively impaired," Jill said using finger quotations to emphasis the point.

"Well, if we are going down that road, the correct word according to the Florida Department of Economic Opportunity, isn't unemployment it's called reemployment. I am not unemployed I am to be re-employed."



Birger Malmsten, from Ingmar Bergman's *Summer Interlude* (1951).

"It makes it sound like you are in the army,"

"According to the Governor, I am one of the lowly unwashed masses to be reemployed in the great Capitalist battle to make the Great State of Florida into a Megatropolis before it sinks into the sea from global warming."

Jill giggled, "You mean climate change."

"Word correctness these days changes faster than an Orwellian wordsmith on crank, before you know it the word

handicapped will become handy capable,” Jack said taking a sip of his coffee.

“Don’t give them any ideas,” Jill said giggling, “but you haven’t answered my question.”

“Yes, I did, I said ‘fuck if I know’, what’s the rush?” Jack said nonchalantly.

“There is no rush, but you need to move forward,” Jill said taking a slug of her coffee.

“Why?”

“You are sort of like a shark, if you are not moving forward. You’re dead.”

“I’ve been dead for the last forty years, now it’s important,” Jack said, with a nervous laugh.



“Okay, I know you, you have ideas, they are probably crazy hair brained ideas, but I know you have them.

“Yeah, if I tell them to you, you won’t be surprised when I try them.”

“Do me a favor and tell me a few, just so I know you are not moping around,” Jill said, staring back to her computer.

“Yeah, like I have

had a chance to mope around, every day I write a list of about a dozen things to do, by the time I'm done the list has doubled. So far I have been averaging about a fifty percent accomplishment rate. When the list gets shorter, or the accomplish rate increases. I'll take on a project."

"Like what? Jill said staring back at Jack.

"Aren't you a nervous Nelly?" Jack said with a laugh.

"I don't know, maybe I'll start with an Anger Management Class. It did cause me to lose my last job," Jack said sounding philosophical.

"You are like the least angry person I know."

"Civility is just the thin veneer of the beast that lies below, and it even surprised me who I am, but there is a beast lurking in psychological bushes," Jack said sounding even more philosophical.

"But aren't those courses usually mandated by the courts?" Jill said.

"I'm sure they will be willing to take my money and give me a course and certificate. You know the more I think about it. It wasn't really angry at that guy. I think it was about the company finally haven given me the same weekend off as you after three years, and then the boss called me up three times asking me to go to work that weekend, and when I told the boss if I worked that weekend. I'd be getting a divorce. He said, "I know good divorce lawyer." I laughed but I thought is there no end to this job?"

"And now there is, what else do you got?" Jill said sounding like a smart ass.

"I don't know a blog?" Jack said crinkling up his face with a questioning look.

"Who is going want to read about a sixtyish retired person?"

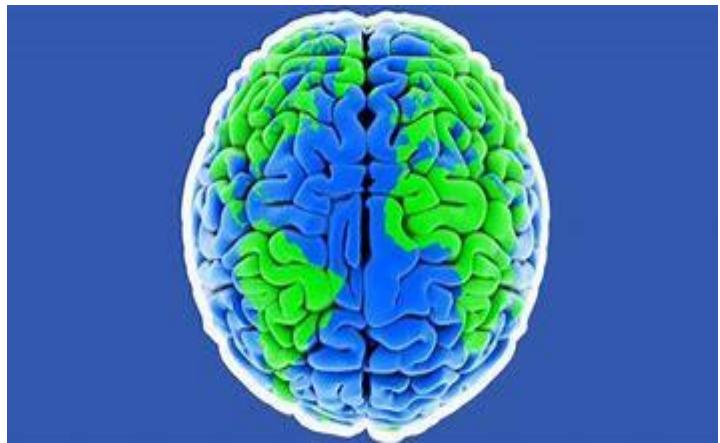
"I am sure I can get into enough trouble to be entertaining."

"That's what I'm afraid of," Jill said with a concerned look on her face.

"If a blog is a problem, I guess a podcast is out."

"What the hell would you have a podcast about?"

"I was thinking. There are podcasts from the left, and podcasts from the right, but there are few to none podcasts for the middle of the political spectrum. I could call it 'In the Middle of Madness', a podcast for RINOs and DINOS."



"You have no technical skills," Jill said, taking another sip of coffee.

"I'm retired, I have time to learn."

"Who would teach you? Who would write for you? Who would co-host?"

"Maybe I'd get two co-hosts one on the right and one on the left. They could argue and as the guy in the middle I could look like the sane one."

"Sounds like a lot of work."

"Probably is?"

"What else do you got?"

"I got like thirty ideas, everything, from learn a second language to flying a plane, but right now it's time for twenty-mile bike ride. Besides, you have to get ready for work," Jack said finishing his coffee and getting and taking his coffee cup to the sink.

"Screw you," Jill said finishing her coffee and turning off her computer and getting up.

"See you tonight," Jack said looking for the pump to pump up his bicycle tires and change into his bicycling attire.

Jill headed for the stairs to get ready for work.

Jack went over to his list and crossed off coffee with Jill and headed out for his ride.





By Ed Zillioux

It was late in the morning with the tide at high slack. As we often did, Sara and I were sitting at the edge of the tidal creek that crosses my backyard, just enjoying the beauty before us. But this time it was different. Just the day before, my granddaughter, Paige, and her boyfriend Christian had finished clearing the trees felled by past hurricanes thus opening access downstream. Paige had assured me they had cleared a path all the way to where the creek joins the north fork of the St. Lucie River.

Anxious to once again explore the wilderness waterway downstream, I said to Sara, "Let's launch the skiff and go for a row down the creek."

She responded with her usual enthusiasm, "Yeah, let's do it. I'm ready."

I have three small boats: one partial V-bottom skiff was presently under repair getting a new transom; a 16 ft Mohawk canoe; and a flat-bottom aluminum skiff. I chose the latter for stability over that of the canoe since I might have some branch trimming to do along the way.



down the bank of the landing and into the water with only the prow remaining on dry land. I motioned to Sara to step aboard and move to the stern seat. When she reached the stern, her weight caused a thin stream of water to shoot up about three feet from what turned out to be a pinhole in the bottom.

"Hey!" she yelled. "This boat is leaking; I'm not going out in this thing!" as she jumped forward and out of the boat.

I realized what had happened. The skiff was designed with V-shaped skids molded along the aluminum bottom and, by repeatedly being dragged across the ground, a pin-hole sized puncture had developed at the end of one of the skids.

I said, "No problem, I can fix that in a jiffy." I went to my shop where I grabbed a pair of oars, a folding hand saw, a lopper, a coil of nylon line, a rag, and a roll of duct tape.

When I got back to the landing, Sara saw the oars and said, "You're still planning to go out in a leaky boat?" It was more of a declarative than a question. "So how are you going to fix it?"



"With this," I said, holding up the duct tape. I then picked up the rag and wiped the area dry around the pinhole leak, tore off a piece of tape and applied it to the hole. "This will do until I get a chance to fiberglass those skids."

Sara gave me a look of incredulity and said, "You expect me to get in a boat you just fixed with duck-tape? A band-aid fix?"

"Sure," I said. "Look at this." I pushed the stern into the water, climbed aboard and jumped up and down a couple of times to demonstrate. "See? No leak. If you're still anxious about it, I'll take the roll of duct tape along with us."

Thus reassured, well, at least partially, we both got in the boat with me manning the oars. This didn't last long since it was quickly apparent the creek was "cleared" only the width of the boat. So, we lifted the oars out of their locks and used them alternately as paddles and push-poles. Sara was quite good at this, and we made good progress, although needing to cut out some branches a couple times before we got through the upper part of the creek. We also were kept busy picking up trash that the tide had carried upstream since last I was down it.

This upper portion of the backwater soon opened into a large embayment. At its entrance, a sable palm leaned over the water at about a 45-degree angle with an adult alligator stretched out sunning itself on the trunk. I looked back at Sara – she had her

ore crosswise in front of her ready to do battle. The alligator slid off the tree trunk into the water. "Good job Sara! You scared her away!" I teased her.

"'twas I that was scared. You didn't tell me we'd come face to face with an alligator. How do you know it was a female?"



"I just assumed it since this embayment has always been an alligator nursery area. Maybe we can see some babies or yearlings swimming around."

"This is fantastic! Look! There's one now!" Sure enough, there was a baby about six inches long swimming along-side the boat. "I could reach down and touch it."

"You could," I said. "But mama might have something to say about that." I didn't really believe she would have any trouble, but.... "Look at that shoreline. We've got some more trash to pick up." The space between the transom and the after seat was beginning to fill up.

"What kind of person would come up into this paradise and trash it. That doesn't make any sense."

"I agree. If they don't love nature, why would they even bother? I know some fishermen are that way, but I like to think that just being surrounded by all of this would change their attitude."



"I took my brother-in-law into here once and there were three age classes of young 'gators. Then he saw a snake climbing up that tree over there. It was a moccasin and I pulled the boat over

for a closer look. That's when he flipped, yelling. 'He might drop into the boat: alligator in the water and snake in the boat, no-no-no! don't go any closer.'"

"Look over there," Sara pointed to the same area where we had spotted that moccasin years ago. "That's a yellow crowned night heron. I've seen them several times before up here."

"And all those turtles on that log over there, five of them! This is beautiful, I would like to spend the whole night out here."

"This boat is not equipped for overnight, but on another time, we could bring more cushions, food, mosquito protection, sleeping bags or maybe just one so we can snuggle up, and of course a bat to keep the alligators away."



"Alright, alright. I was being serious."

"Well so was I, at least about the sleeping bag," I said with a smirk.

"How long can we stay out here? When we left the tide had already turned."

"We have about four hours after high tide, but since we already have used up about an hour, we should start heading back within the next couple of hours. We have plenty of time to push through to the main river."

"Ok, let's check it out."

The embayment was separated from the river by only a short channel of not more than fifty feet. Here, Paige and Christian had done a good job and we easily paddled through.

"This is an oxbow section of the river that was previously skirted by a straight channel which was dredged during the period when the Army Corps of Engineers was ill-advised that all of these natural rivers, most notably the Kissimmee, should be straightened to augment the flow south."

"Why was the point in doing that?"



"Damned if I know. I never could figure out the logic of it, but I've never looked back into its history. There's still a bunch of those straight dredged channels, like the one that circumvents the oxbow across the river from where we have hiked at Oxbow Park in Port St. Lucie."

We had entered the river at a point where it takes a right turn. "We could go straight ahead or turn right and continue following the oxbow north. I suggest we take the right turn, it's a very pretty stretch."

"Hey, you know the way. I'm with you."

"Before we go, I want to show you a particular tree. You see that bald cypress straight ahead just a little down the branch of the river?"

"Yeah, I see it. It's all alone."

"Yep. When I moved here in 1990 that was the only bald cypress in this entire area. That's what motivated me to plant the four cypress trees in my backyard – what I refer to as my "cypress swamp."

"You're amazing." (Sara's always saying that so I had to fit it in somewhere.)

It was good to get out into the river where I could stretch my muscles with long pulls on the oars. We went up about half a mile before turning back. Along the way, we stopped once and climbed up a bank onto high ground to what was once my old campsite. Sara was appropriately thrilled and before leaving we made a pact that we would definitely return some day and spend a night there.

But all good things come to an end. So, we went back down the stretch of river, spotting an alligator once lying on a well-used trail going up the bank. We went through the passage into the embayment and then turned right into the final backwater leading up to my house. The tide had brought the water level down but not causing any problem to our passage Until it did. We hit a log hard on the bottom causing one of the boat's skids to split lengthwise and water to come gushing into the boat.

I dropped to my knees yelling "Where's that rag I threw into the boat?"

"Right here," as Sara tossed it to me.

I tried to stuff it into the gash that opened up in the bottom, but it wasn't enough. So I stripped off my tee shirt, twisted it lengthwise and added that to the rag I already had in there. That stopped most of the water, but it was still coming in. I yelled to Sara, "Is there anything in that trash that we could use to bail with?"



"Way ahead of you," Sara said as she held up a rusted quart-sized can where she was starting to bail out the water that ran back to the stern.

"Time for the duct tape," I exclaimed as I reached up and retrieved the roll from the

bow. Luckily, it was almost a full roll and I started to tear off one-to two-foot strips, laying them across the rag and tee shirt stuffing over the entire length of the gash.

Sara had gotten the water under control so she took the roll from me saying "I can tear the duck-tape now. You can just put the strips in place." We used up most of the roll when she added, "I'll never make fun of your duck-tape repairs again." We started laughing and didn't stop until we got all the way back to the landing.



"But one thing is certain," she said, "I'm never going out in THIS boat again! We need a new boat. Notice I said, we.' I'll split the cost with you.



Have made my way around the Sailfish traffic circle hundreds of times. Stuart has several circles. Our circle driving conventions are the opposite from those we observe driving through Europe. In Stuart, drivers approaching yield to those already circling. In France it is the other way around (pardon the pun) where those on the circle yield to vehicles coming onto the circle.

Were I offering advice to drivers in Stuart, it would be, “approach



with caution, because all those “Yield” signs guarantee nothing! My most recent experience happened yesterday. Driving home from Flagler Park.

I was on the circle, intending to go halfway around, my exit was in sight. She came out of the intervening on/off ramp. A very small person. Don’t know how she could see over her black Mercedes SUV’s glistening hood. Theoretically I had the right of way, but years of experience told me, that little lady was coming in, conventions of right of way, be damned. But shiny black “Benze” drivers expect the rest of us to stay the hell out of their way. No problem. I’ll slip in behind her, make my exit, synchronized moving parts, do this all the time, no problem.

That is, no problem until she changed her mind, hit her brakes, shifted into reverse, intending to go back and out on the same exit as I was intent on taking. We are going to collide! My little car is too old for insurance to repair. Oh no! This is going to be terrible.

Brakes. Honk horn. Swerve. All at once. Up on the curb and driving down the sidewalk to evade. We're clear. No contact. No friendly wave of apology, no flashing her lights. None of the above. She literally sped away, turned a corner and was gone.

We congratulated ourselves on a safe, instinctive maneuver. Our high riding SUVs mount curbs with aplomb. It all happened so fast, so reflexively, couldn't catch my breath to curse the diminutive driver with her self-assured right of way. And in a blink, it was done. Nothing bad happened. To live another day. To drive another mile.

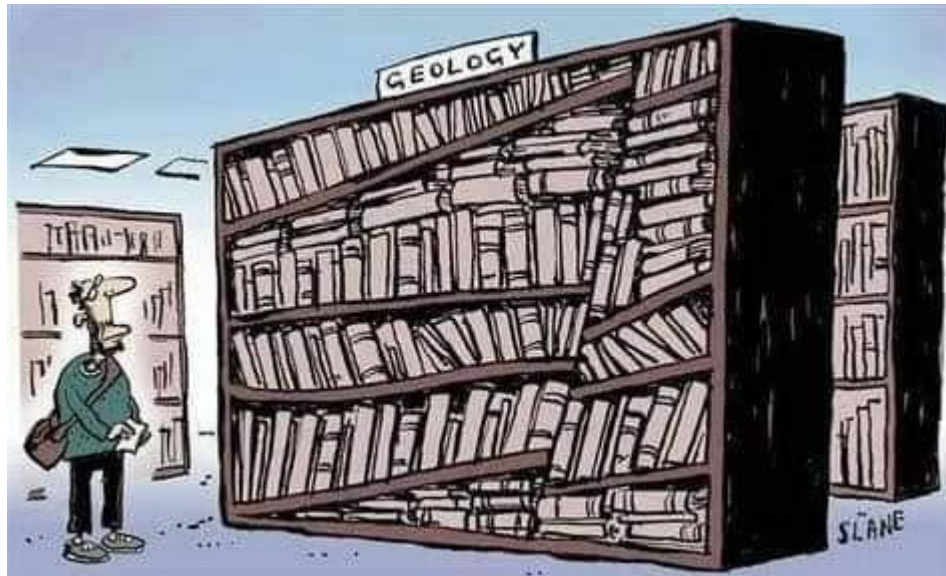


A Flowchart to Determine What Religion You Should Follow



When a girl changes her clothes in front of you,
She's either really interested Or you're level 99 friend zoned.

or She hasn't spotted you in the tree yet.



I love being a Christian Governess with a unruly boy under my care. He is 12 years old, and tried to steal a lady's purse at the mall. I gave him a good spanking with my Holy Goveness Paddle! I loved how my Paddle inflected the painful sting evenly upon both very tender fleshy buttocks cheeks! That compelled him to cry so much with lots of genuine tears flowing so lavishly from his eyes! I loved having him over my pleated skirt covered lap! As I paddled his naked buttocks so very severely as his just punishment! Feeling maternal love for a naughty boy I will teach good Christian values!

She gives maternal love, and teaches good Christian values!

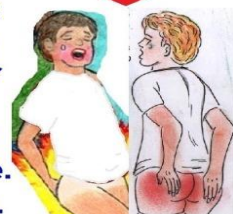


THE HOLY GOVERNESS PADDLE

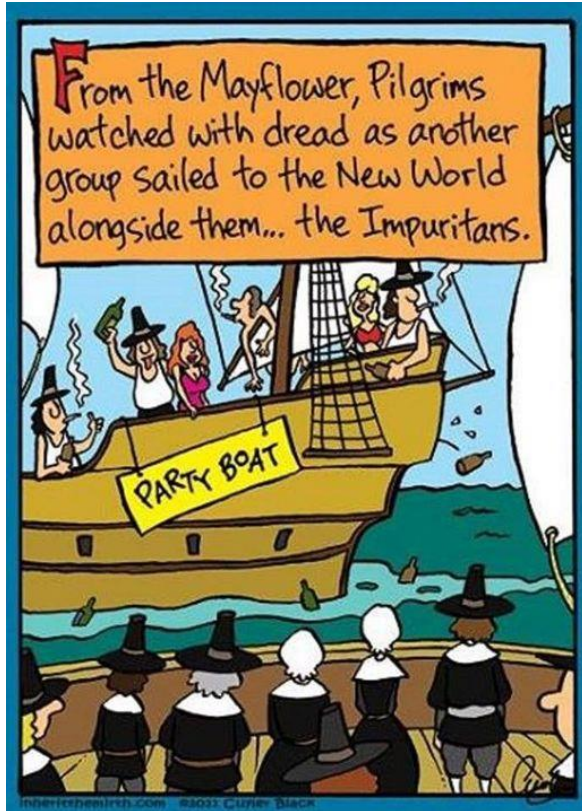
A 3-1/2 inch wide, 9 inch long, and 1/2 inch thick spanking surface, with 8 holes, along with a 6 inch long handle for a nice comfortable grip, a Governess loves!

THE CHRISTIAN GOVERNESS

When a naughty boy is sentenced in Juvenile court to a spanking, he will be assigned a Christian Governess. She will take him under her care, with her first task to administer his court ordered punishment. That will be administered in the Spanking Parlor of her church. In the presence of all the virtuous Christian ladies in her community. While the naughty boy lies over her knee with his under-panties down for a good old-fashioned bare bottom spanking with her Holy Governess Paddle. Establishing her authority as his Christian Governess.

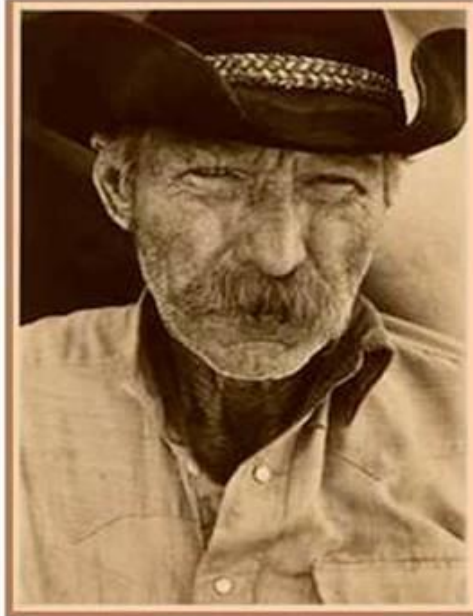


ACTING 101



Here are the Five Rules for Men to Follow for a Happy Life that Russell J. Larsen had inscribed on his headstone in Logan, Utah. He died not knowing that he would someday win the....

"Coolest Headstone" contest..."



A COWBOY TOMBSTONE

FIVE RULES FOR MEN TO FOLLOW FOR A HAPPY LIFE

1. It's important to have a woman who helps at home, cooks from time to time, cleans up, and has a job.
2. It's important to have a woman who can make you laugh.
3. It's important to have a woman who you can trust, and doesn't lie to you.
4. It's important to have a woman who is good in bed, and likes to be with you.
5. It's very, very important that these four women do not know each other or you could end up dead like me.



Patton Oswalt ✓
@pattonoswalt

Dear people citing The Bible:
It's a cool book with some
wonderful passages but it also
has ghost sex & giants & super
babies & demons. It's why we
don't make laws based on Game
of Thrones, My Little Pony or
Legend of Zelda.

Been canning soup this week getting
ready for winter. Follow me for more
recipes!

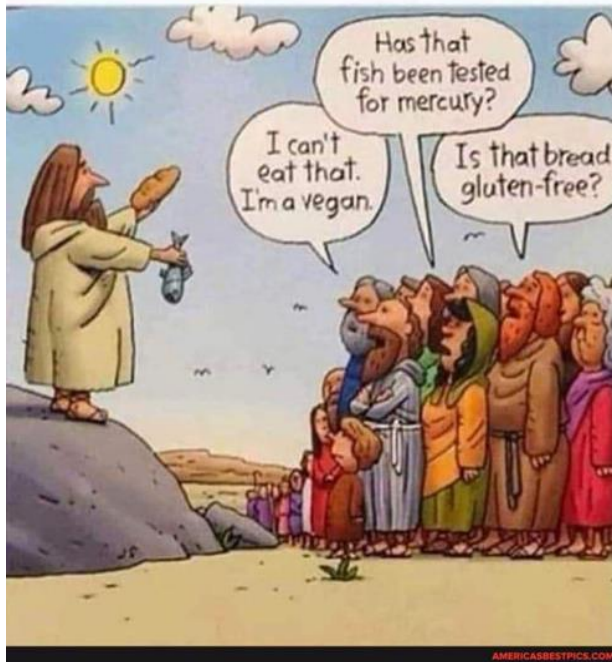


When you see the altar boy walk in with his
mom and a police officer



"Every Sunday I'm so tempted to tell the congregation that
it's all bullshit...but I'm in too deep now."

If Jesus tried to feed the 5000 today... 😊



"trust the science" is the most anti science statement ever. Questioning science is how you do science!



THIS IS HOW PEOPLE SEE YOU



THE MOMENT YOU SAY...
"LET'S GO BRANDON"

Ooh That Felt Sooo Good, whip me,
whip me harder, pull my reins hard
you fat bastard!



Gifts for the Women of Texas

